



THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1826

MAY 4, 1907

PRICE THREEPENCE

Education

SHERBORNE SCHOOL.

AN Examination for Entrance Scholarships, open to Boys under 15 (on June 1), will be held on June 5, 6, 7. Further information can be obtained from the Rev. the Headmaster, School House, Sherborne, Dorset.

Appointments Vacant

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Candidates should lodge 20 copies of their application and testimonials with the undersigned, on or before May 16 next.

ALAN E. CLAPPERTON,
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University of Glasgow.

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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

THE LITERARY WEEK

WE have received an appeal to the public from the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford for the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which the University needs in order to meet the demands made upon it by the ever-expanding requirements of modern learning. A public meeting will be held in the theatre of the Civil Service Commission in Burlington Gardens, on Thursday, May 16, at 4.30, at which a fuller explanation will be forthcoming, and motions will be submitted for the formation of a General Fund, and the appointment of a committee and trustees. In 1903 the deficit in the University Budget was close on six thousand pounds; in the following year it had been reduced to less than three thousand pounds, and in 1905 there was a balance of five pounds. The budget of 1906 shows a further improvement, but the increased revenue has been already allocated and pledged, so that little more can be looked for from efforts in this direction. The great benefaction of the late Cecil Rhodes has brought with it a corresponding burden, that of providing the two hundred students from all parts of the Empire, Germany and the United States, the best advantages in teaching and equipment for study. Liberal efforts have already been made by the Colleges to assist the University, and as it is useless, in England at least, to expect help from the State, this appeal to the public as individuals is justified and indeed necessitated.

The more pressing needs fall under two main heads: the promotion of modern studies, literary and scientific; and the provision of funds necessary for the due maintenance of Bodley's Library. An increased staff of teachers of English, with professorships in French and German language and literature, are urgently needed. In the departments of science, an electrical laboratory, which Oxford almost alone among universities lacks, equipment for the study of hygiene and scientific agriculture, are also necessities.

Most people of taste will be inclined to think that our alliance with Japan is dearly paid for by the interdict pronounced by the censor on Gilbert and Sullivan's delightful opera *The Mikado*. For years we have been wondering what conceivable reason there was why the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were not revived, and were only able to put it down to the extraordinary prejudice which is nearly always shown by London managers for

bad new plays over good old ones. Now at last the operas have been revived. The revivals have, of course, been enormously successful, as any one but a theatrical manager could have predicted with absolute confidence. And now we are not to be allowed to see *The Mikado*, which is the best of the lot, and which, with *Dorothy*, stands in a class by itself among English comic operas. Mr. Gilbert says he doesn't care, but we care very much.

And why does not somebody revive *Dorothy* for us? From a musical point of view, it is perhaps even on a higher level than *The Mikado*, and though the "book" cannot for a moment compare with Mr. Gilbert's witty librettos, it is not at all bad. It is at any rate removed by many leagues from the awful balderdash which is served up to the long-suffering public under the false and misleading name of "musical comedy," and which in nine cases out of ten is characterised by bad music feebly orchestrated and meretriciously harmonised, and an entire absence of anything approaching to true comedy.

One of our illustrated contemporaries the other day produced some pretty pictures of the *Bois de Boulogne*, and naively alluded to the *Bois* as "the rotten row of Paris." Considering the immense size of this wonderful half-park half-forest where one can ride or drive for miles and miles and where it would be very easy for a stranger to lose his way altogether, the comparison is pleasing. It reminds us of the literary gentleman who referring to the *Arc de Triomphe* described it as "this fine monument which for the grace of its structure and the symmetry of its design may well be called the Marble Arch of Paris."

One of the most literary of our morning contemporaries has been drawing a "portrait" of a certain writer of fiction. With a view no doubt to flattery, our contemporary describes this gentleman as a "brownish, smallish, slightly high-voiced, very slightly plump goblin cross between a British general and an agitator." "Very slightly plump" is the sort of delicate incense you would offer to a woman, for it implies clearly that the subject is well-fed, as a popular fictionist ought to be, without being profanely fat as you might expect him to be. And our contemporary adds that this very slightly plump goblin cross will tell you "that he is of humble origin," also that "of a truth he is of the best origin in the world"; also that he has been "by turns a poor schoolboy, draper's assistant, usher, science-student crammer, Saturday Reviewer, story writer, Utopian, novelist, Fabian, and owner of a charming and satisfactory house." And much more to the like snobbish effect. We believe that we could say the name of the writer of this charming tribute in five virginal syllables. On the other hand we may be mistaken. One thing however is certain, namely, that literary portraits of so sugared a description are very bad for all parties concerned. It would have been better for the fictionist—and much better for his admirer and the world at large—if this particular portrait had contained an explanation of the letter that the said fictionist addressed some while back to Mr. Moberley Bell of the *Times* newspaper.

The fact is that nowadays there is a great deal of disposition on the part of inferior intellects to set down moderately successful geese for swans. The fictionist in question is a clever man, and we are willing to agree that he has had his struggles. But with all his works in our eye, as it were, we cannot recognise that he has ever aimed at anything above the mediocre, and that of late years at any rate his talent has been devoted to the purely commercial side of literary art. The portrait painters admire him, and others of his like, really because of his success and not because of his work. We do not accuse them of

insincerity but merely of that most human of failings an over anxiety to glorify that which is commercially valuable. If the portrait painters were useful persons, they would occasionally single out for their unwelcome attentions, somebody who was doing work which passes the wit of Messrs. Pearson and Harmsworth to understand. Luckily for letters there are such people in England to-day though they may not own "charming and satisfactory houses," and though they may never have been either poor school-boys or draper's assistants.

The people who "go in" for literary examinations have a wit which is entirely their own. Indeed we believe that the most wonderful book of humour the world has ever seen, might be compiled by any person possessed of judgment and a pair of scissors out of the forlorn "answer" papers which "Examiners in Literature" are supposed to take home of nights. We do not propose to burden this column with a string of samples but we append a bright particular gem which is worth at least a whole page of the works of some of our professional humorists.

[EXAMINATION PAPER] Paraphrase: "Oh pardon me, thou bleeding peace of earth—"

CANDIDATE FOR HONOURS: "Excuse me, ye sanguinary clod."

Which on the whole is nearly as good as the French boy's "Madame Frailty is the name of the lady."

The literary journal of the colonies is of course more or less in its infancy. But of its enterprise there can be no doubt. Literature to the colonial literary journal appears to be precisely what "territory" is to the colonial land-agent or book canvasser—"a vast and healthy tract capable of illimitable exploitation." It goes without saying, however, that the editors of the colonial journals are not above adopting an occasional hint from the Mother Country. In a literary paper which reaches us from Australia, we find considerable small type devoted to the help and encouragement of budding talent. The budding talent apparently submits its efforts and the paper passes remarks:

Pipeclay: In our present stage of perfection we both pity and scorn you. But we owe you an idea. J. M. (Christchurch): That's all right. C. (Manly): You want to grip your ideas tighter with your form. All those leave an impression of bulging over. And if you'd play the lines on the piano, so as to get a regular time-beat, you'd do better. D.: The thrush wouldn't like you to exploit his Wo in print. M. J. (Campbelltown): Mournful poem, like a wet prayer. J. Kelly: Trouble you for 2d. postage. Poor Will: Poor parody. N. L.: Thanks; keep on. Horne lacks interest. Limericks waiting. J. M. (Masterton): Can't find the fun. M. S. (Oodnadatta): Posted 4d. to your credit. M. J.: Glad of your letter, duly gristed (pardon the editorial breach). Dream: Limericks waiting. Afraid we can only harpoon one whale this season. G. W.: Wants force and conviction—try stronger cigars.

There is a shirt-sleeve effect here, which is sadly wanting at home.

The number of literary men and artists at the brilliant reception for the Colonial Premiers given by the Duchess of Sutherland last week recalled a similar function at the same splendid house seventy-two years ago, when Dr. Waagen, the German savant, was present. In his delightful and gossipy book on "Works of Art in England," amid rather dry observations on the authenticity of old masters, he records all the hospitalities and courtesies showered upon him. Indeed, an amusing book, of considerable value to students, might be made of extracts from his various works. They throw considerable light not only on pictures but on the social aspect of England, seen through Teutonic glasses, in the early part of the last century.

In July 1835 he writes: "Yesterday evening I happily dived into the cloud of smoke and mist of London . . . for I was invited to a fête at the Duchess of Sutherland's. The duchess had the happy thought to make use of the

vast space, in which the staircase rises, the effect of which is very striking from its extent and splendid decorations. As the numerous fashionable world in the greatest variety of rich and tasteful dresses were gradually divided in the hall, and on the landing-places of the stairs, this grand architecture was furnished with figures corresponding to it." He goes on to compare the scene to a picture of Veronese, and adds that "the melancholy uniformity of the black dress to which gentlemen are condemned in our days by the tyranny of absurd fashion often disturbed the harmony of the cheerful, gay picture." A good many years had to elapse before Whistler made us see the beauty of men's evening clothes, and the London fogs, so much resented by Dr. Waagen. "The Duke of Sutherland," he tells us, was one of the few of the superior nobility who "on such festive occasions, beside the fashionable world, like to see also eminent artists and authors; thus I found there Mr. Rogers, the poet; Messrs. Wilkie and Callcott, the painters; and Mr. Wilkins, the architect."

A delightful coincidence completes the parallel, namely, the description by Dr. Waagen of the then Duchess of Sutherland, "to whom the Duke presented me. The expression of the purest benevolence and of a clear understanding which is united in her with uncommon and genuine English beauty cannot but excite the admiration of all who have the advantage of her acquaintance." Her portrait by Lawrence now hangs opposite Mr. Sargent's portrait of her successor. It is one of his masterpieces.

Shelley's "proof-reading" was a late subject in these columns. Herr Koszul, in the *Revue Germanique*, attacks his mistranslation of Goethe. *Gipfel* (summit) becomes (193) "skirt" (*Zipfel*), *Laden* (300) becomes *Lade* ("shop," for "bundle"), *aufschäumer* ("boil") is rendered "foam" (13). *Windshraut*, where *braut* is for *braus*, "noise," suggests to Shelley the English "brood," and he renders: "How the children of the wind rage in the air" (118). *Mässig* (289) means "moderate," but sounds like *massive*, and is rendered "ponderous," accordingly *gergeicht*, "causes" (301), suggests "rich"! *Dunst* ("vapour") becomes "dust," which it resembles in sound (103); and so on. To confuse confusion, Shelley's handwriting has betrayed him. "Bubbling" (*ewig sprudelnd*, 8) is now printed "babbling": it should be

Where ever babbling springs
Precipitate themselves in waterfalls,

and "with joy" ("*von Fruden*") has been ill read, "with you," by Dr. Garnett, who copied the passage, then unedited, for Mathilda Blind's *Westminster Review* article, in 1870:

With joy I feel that, if required,
Such (apples) still within my garden grow.

This has been remarked by Zupitza. Shelley loved *Faust* and Schiller's *Brigands*, but could not translate them accurately, neither in 1815 nor in 1821, neither the *Prologue to Heaven* nor *Walpurg's Night*. He claimed to make Goethe speak in English; he made him speak like Shelley. His very ignorance of German saves him from having really copied any *Schauer-romane* into his "St. Irvyne," in 1810 (1811). And yet Forman has accused him of this enormity. *Quo-usque tandem?*

Mr. Bryce the other day was credited in an American paper with some remarks on the subject of poetry and poets which do not seem to point to any undue intelligence on his part. He remarked that the present age was singularly destitute of talent or genius, and that while the hour was crying out for a great man in literature, there seemed no sign of any answer to its cry. We wonder if there ever was an age and a time when the same sort of

thing was not said in the same sort of way by the same sort of person. Mr. Bryce recalls the fact that he was acquainted with Mr. Swinburne in his early youth. Well is he not also able to recall the reception which was accorded to Mr. Swinburne's earlier poems?

We will undertake to furnish Mr. Bryce with the names and addresses of at least a dozen people who are now writing poetry, plays, and books generally of the first order. We will equally undertake that Mr. Bryce would reply in each case either that he had never heard of them; or that he would respond to the list of names by some such expressions as these: "What that posing ass!" "That drunken and ill-mannered creature!" "That immoral and disgraceful man!" and so on, just as his prototypes of about forty years ago would have answered, when Rossetti and Swinburne were writing; and just as their prototypes again would have answered about one hundred years ago when Keats and Shelley and Byron were writing. The ordinary man judges the merit of poetry entirely by what he hears of it from other people as ignorant as himself, and so a vicious circle of ignorant criticism is created which can only be broken by the death of a great unrecognised poet, or by the courage and judgment of some exceptional man who has the authority and the opportunity to express a decided opinion.

The interrogatory posters which have come into vogue among certain journals are somewhat trying. Nowadays any one who desires to walk through the streets of London without being violently assaulted at almost every step by their mental blows, must cultivate a power of abstraction from material things which is beyond the reach of most people unless they happen to be blind. We are still reeling under the shock of having seen (most unwillingly) two questions in very large type outside the offices of a well-known newspaper. "Should Japan adopt Christianity?" demands one, and "At what age should women marry?" shouts the other. Surely these are questions which Japan on the one hand and individual women on the other are best qualified to judge for themselves.

"The subtle but compelling beauty and charm of Magdalen College have been so widely recognised, sung, painted, described so often, that it would be a false reticence to ignore them." We quote these the opening words of Mr. T. H. Warren's monograph on Magdalen College which he has written for Messrs. Dent's series of Oxford colleges. We are inclined to think that "the subtle and compelling beauty" of Magdalen College would survive any "reticence" false or otherwise on the part of its present President. Still it is a relief to know that Mr. Warren has decided not to ignore them. The *gaucherie* of the words with which Mr. Warren begins his little book reminds us irresistibly of the old joke against him which was current in the early 'nineties. In an edition of one of the classics which he edited Mr. Warren had the following footnote concerning some passage, we forget which, of the classic in question. [Note.] *The allusion here is so obvious that any comment is unnecessary.*

We greatly regret to record the death of Mr. Charles Eames Kempe, which took place in London on April 29, after a brief illness, from pneumonia. He was educated at Rugby and at Pembroke College, Oxford, of which he was an honorary fellow. Mr. Kempe has done as much to restore the beauty of the ancient churches and to modify the ugliness of the modern churches of this country, as any man now living. His stained glass is to be found far and wide, always dignified in design, fine in drawing, and rich and harmonious in colour. It is far better suited to ancient Gothic churches than the more brilliant productions of William Morris, from the designs of Burne-Jones, or even perhaps than the beautiful and highly original work of Mr. Christopher Whall.

A SONG FROM THE SUBURBS

I TREAD the mean suburban streets,
Past glaring villas harsh and red,
Where all the people that one meets
Are smug and trim and overfed;
And I am sad, for well I know
On Sussex downs the brave winds blow.

I did not always walk these ways,
In haunts of gloved and hatted men,
But long ago, in childhood's days,
I trod the fresh green-roofed glen,
And wandered o'er the broad-backed hills,
And dreamt amongst the daffodils.

And sought the early primrose flower,
And the white violet in the dell,
And spent my days in fairy bower,
But now I spend my days in hell.
I do not love these glaring streets
Where every soul is dead one meets.

For it is May! and in the south
The breeze is dancing, and the air
Is wild with joy and mirth and youth,
— But I must to my office chair,
And oh I yearn to feel the bliss
Of the dear wind's inspiring kiss!

I cannot bear this hateful spot
Where every man is smug and trim,
And Money is the god, I wot,
To whom is sung the Sunday hymn.
I must away, I cannot bide
This slow suburban suicide.

The sweet world calls, and I must fly
Where all the woods are gay with flow'rs,
My silken hat I will cast by,
With all my dreary office hours.
(For oh! I hate these glaring streets
Where every soul is dead one meets.)

And I will roam, in country dress,
O'er hill and dale, through field and wood,
And see dear Nature's loveliness,
And taste the Earth and find it good;
And find within the Sussex Weald
A peace which towns can never yield.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

LITERATURE

INDIAN COINS

Catalogue of the Coins in the Indian Museum, Calcutta. Vol. i.
By VINCENT A. SMITH. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 30s. net.)

THE enormous value of numismatics as an adjunct to, even as a maker of, history, has become a commonplace. The privilege of striking coinage has always been the cherished prerogative of rulers, the first prerogative to be exercised by monarchs of the briefest tenure, by states of the smallest territory and most transient existence. Often they constitute the last surviving trace of a vanished power, the sole tangible evidence of the reality of legendary kings. This is especially true of the coins of a country like India, of which Sir John Strachey propounds the forcible paradox that "there is no such country." Its history is compact of tantalising blanks, of a welter of rival dynasties and races, of meteor-like powers, of cataclysmal invasions: and of all these the little bits of stamped metal are the faithful mirror, the intimate interpreter.

Thus it is with open arms that the numismatist will welcome the initial volume of a catalogue of the coins in the Indian Museum. The most discouraging feature of numismatic study is the inaccessibility of the material. Coins, by their very nature, seem destined to be hoarded, and too often the hoard is either jealously hidden, or if exposed to view, presents such an inextricable chaos as to be worse than useless. Succeeding acquisitions are heaped together with no more than the most general data of provenance, character or period attached, and research is baffled at the outset by the multitude of witnesses. In such a pitiable state of muddle as this was the collection of the Indian Museum at Calcutta, until Mr. Vincent Smith brought to bear upon it his long experience and profound knowledge of the subject, combined with a truly inexhaustible patience. Twenty thousand coins, unclassified save in order of their receipt, and representing, more or less, every period and section of Indian history between B.C. 500 and the last days of the East India Company, presented a task of Augean magnitude, and it is not surprising that Mr. Smith felt himself unequal to the task of cataloguing the whole collection. He has preferred to confine his attention to the non-Muhammadan portion of the combined cabinets, which consists of about five thousand coins. Of these about three thousand are numbered and described in the present catalogue, the balance being accounted for by duplicates, and a certain number of specimens so defaced as to be worthless. This book, therefore, is the first volume of the catalogue, of which the Muhammadan section is now in the hands of Mr. H. Nelson Wright.

The history of the formation of this most unequal collection is a melancholy object-lesson of neglect and incompetence. It was not until 1866 that any steps were taken by the government of India towards the formation of an Indian Museum. Before that date the Asiatic Society of Bengal, founded in 1784, and in receipt of a subsidy from 1839, was alone in its efforts to amass a collection which should be of value to students of Indian history. The numismatic collection of the society was practically founded upon that of Colonel Mackenzie. But the theft in 1844 of all the best specimens had reduced it to very insignificant proportions when the acquisition by purchase of the Stacy collection made it comparatively rich in the coins of early India. On the establishment of the Indian Museum, the collection of the Society found a home there, but remains the property of the Society. The Museum collection has been formed almost entirely by gifts of treasure-trove from the central and provincial Governments and the Calcutta Mint, scarcely any coins having been acquired by purchase or exchange. The sources of the collection, therefore, make for inequality of representation. Wretchedly poor in some sections, it

is rich in others, so that the present catalogue cannot be said to form an adequate basis for the study of Indian numismatics as a continuous whole. But it is a model of catalogue-making, and its very excellence should stimulate the Trustees of the Museum to incur the moderate expenditure necessary to render the collection representative, and to keep its record abreast of the acquisitions to be made in the future. The rough list of its contents, completed by the late Mr. C. J. Rodgers some eleven years ago, showed the collection as it stood. This catalogue gives some idea of what, under careful consideration, it may, and should, become.

The book itself is divided into four parts, and of these the first two are by far the most interesting. Part i., "The early foreign Dynasties and the Guptas," contains practically all the coins which have any pretensions to artistic excellence, for, as Mr. Smith truly says, "in Indian coinages the degree of artistic merit is directly proportioned to the amount of Hellenic influence." The early Bactrian coins of Sophytes and Diodotos are familiar to students of Hellenic numismatics and are, of course, purely Greek in origin and design, equal in artistic merit to the finest coins of Philip II. and Alexander. Indeed it is not until we come to the square copper coinage of Pantaleon and Agathocles, of the dancing-girl type, that the Indian influence is at all perceptible, and it is also on the coins of these kings, about the beginning of the second century B.C., that bilingual inscriptions (Greek and Brahmi) make their first appearance. This section is very deficient, Diodotos II. being represented by a single gold stater, while eight of the Græco-Bactrian kings are not represented at all. But these deficiencies are largely atoned for by the beautiful condition of many of the coins figured, notably a hemidrachm of Eukratides and some fine tetradrachms of Euthydemus, Antimachos Theos and Eukratides. The barbaric degradations of the tetradrachm of Euthydemus form a particularly interesting series. With Heliokles (c. B.C. 140) all semblance of certain chronology of these kings comes to an end. There is, perhaps, rather more certainty with regard to Menander (the "Milindra" of the *Avadāna Kalpalata*) and the Greek "kings of Kabul," the last of whom, Hermaios, succumbed to the Kushāns about 45 A.D. But the divergence of opinion among authorities is sufficiently indicated by the dates assigned to Hippostratos by Mr. Smith and Mr. Rapson—viz., c. B.C. 120 and c. B.C. 50 respectively.

Further, Mr. Smith, in a note to his chronology of the succeeding section—the Indo-Parthian kings—specifically dissents from the historical arrangement adopted by Professor Percy Gardner. Although of enormous interest historically, these coins are not of great artistic value. It is particularly interesting to note the rapid growth of the Indian influence which quite disguises the Greek types save in the case of a few coins of the earlier kings. Mr. Rapson brings down the Kushān conquest from B.C. 25 to 45 A.D. and he is undoubtedly right in placing the Kadphises kings before Huvishka and Kanishka. In cataloguing these remarkable coins he has had the additional difficulty of eliminating about twenty extremely clever forgeries from his list, but even so, the collection, though inferior to that in the British Museum, is marked by some splendid specimens, especially of the gold coins of Huvishka. These coins, struck to the standard of the reduced Roman aureus of 45 to the libra, can scarcely be said to bear that striking resemblance to the Augustan issues which Mr. Rapson claims for them. They mark the first appearance of Hindu gods in the type.

In the coinage of the Guptas we find the first really Indian coins—Indian in standard, type and association. Yet even here the Hellenic reminiscence is sufficient to endow the types with great artistic value. Nothing could be more vigorous or beautiful than the "Lion-slayer" type of Chandragupta II. with the goddess seated upon a lion on the reverse. No. 49 in the catalogue is a magnificent specimen, a bare 3 grs. short of full weight ("normal," derived from the Roman aureus).

There are two coins in this series which are accepted as genuine by Mr. Smith and others, but which we cannot regard as above suspicion. One is an unpublished variety of a Lion-slayer of Kumaragupta I., the surface of which is covered with little irregular protuberances, suggesting that it has been cast, while the modelling of both obverse and reverse figures is jejune and spiritless, suggestive of a mechanical copy from a genuine coin of the same type, such as that which appears under the succeeding number in the catalogue. However, as the inscription differs, and is good nevertheless, the coin may be genuine. The other is one of three gold coins of the abnormal weight of 161.7-169 grs. acquired near Benares by Col. Rivett-Carnac, from whose collection nearly the whole of this section comes. The lightest of the three is in this collection. Mr. Smith conjectures that the weight may be intended for 100 *ratis* but if that is so, the heaviest of the three is yet 13 grs. short, while the lightest falls away by 21 grs. The type is also abnormal, and the inscription of the obverse illegible. The engraving, moreover, is angular and poor, and not to be compared with that of contemporary Gupta coins. In the introductory sketch, the meteoric career of the Gupta dynasty is admirably outlined, and the mystery of "Kacha" briefly but adequately treated; Mr. Smith agrees with Mr. A. M. T. Jackson in identifying Kacha with the great Pamudragupta.

Part ii. takes us back to the beginning again, with the punch-marked coins, the cast coins of Taxila and their congeners. The most striking of the various symbols which constituted these early "hall-marks" of the merchant guilds, are the rhinoceros and the so-called "Ujjain" symbol, which Mr. Smith prefers to refer to the whole district of Avanti. The former tells its own tale; the latter is probably astronomical. The weight-standard is founded on the *rati* unit. For silver, it consists of *dharanas* of 32 *ratis*, i.e., $\frac{2}{3}$ of the *kārshāpana* or *suvarna* weight, of 80 *ratis*, the gold standard weight, which in this series is the standard weight for copper, gold, of course, not occurring in the punch-marked series. There are no *dharana* pieces in this collection, but all the pieces are recognisable fractions of the standard. The tribal coins are practically without artistic interest, but those of Malāva are peculiar in their minute size, one of the copper coins catalogued being no more than .2 of an inch in diameter.

There is no space in this review to do more than mention the peculiar lead and potin coinage of the Andhra dynasty, the latter being all cast coins. The "Ujjain" symbol is the most frequent reverse type. The fine Sassanian coins of Persia, and their Indian derivatives, together with the Ephthalite degradation of the fire altar type, provide a remarkable instance of the unintelligent persistence of a type. The mediæval dynasties of northern India and the Hindu kings of Ohind are fairly well represented, and there is a good series of debased Kashmiri derivatives from the old Kushan type. The kingdoms of Vijayanagar and Mysore claim a section, which includes some good specimens. The analysis of the standard weight of the "pagoda" of southern India reveals a remarkable correspondence between the *rati*-standard of the North and that based upon the weight of the *mañjādi* and *kalāñju*, or molucca bean, which obtained in the south. The pagoda = about 54 grs. which is not far off the weight of the 32 *rati* piece of 58 grs. The *janam*, of which 10 go to a pagoda, derives its weight from the *mañjādi* seed. The padma tankas (lotus coins) correspond exactly in weight to the 32 *rati* piece of the north ($\frac{2}{3}$ *suvarna*). From these data it ought to be possible to evolve some theory as to the standard of value which dictated the weight of the gold unit all over India.

In conclusion, we must say that the catalogue is a model of clear and careful arrangement. Each part and each section has its brief historical introduction and bibliography, and the catalogue pages display in ruled columns the serial number, museum (whether Indian

Museum or Asiatic Society of Bengal), metal, weight and size, obverse and reverse of each coin, with remarks as to provenance, condition and authenticity. The thirty-one plates are remarkably clear photographs from casts made by Mr. A. P. Ready, of the British Museum, and there are three good plates of monograms from Bactrian, Kushan, Indo-Parthian and Gupta coins. To say that the book is issued by the Clarendon Press renders comment upon type, paper and binding, superfluous. The Indian Museum collections, after all their vicissitudes, may be congratulated alike upon their cataloguer and their catalogue, and to both every student of Indian history owes a sincere expression of thanks.

A NEW BIRD BOOK

The Bird: Its Form and Function. By C. WILLIAM BEEBE.
(Constable, .)

THE number of books which have been written on birds is appalling; but happily most of them find a hiding-place on the shelves of free libraries, for most of them, there can be no question about it, are bad, and not a few even mischievous. Among those which have claims to be noticed, a few, a very few, are really good: Mr. Beebe's book is very good indeed.

He set himself the task of presenting to his readers a picture of the hidden things, so to speak, of bird-life. The origin and the meaning of the peculiarities which distinguish birds as a class, as well as those which distinguish the different groups of birds one from another. There is nothing original in this endeavour, for it has been attempted several times before, but never with more conspicuous success. While most of the books which have essayed this theme before have savoured too much of the museum and the dissecting-room, others have been very obviously welded together by means of scissors and paste, and a very small modicum of first-hand knowledge. But the volume now before us has grown up under the hand of one who has for many years had unique opportunities of studying living birds at close quarters, for Mr. Beebe is not only an ornithologist of ripe experience, but he is also the curator of the birds in the Zoological Gardens of which New York is so justly proud.

He begins the story he has to tell with an account of some of those strange ancestral types which differ so conspicuously from all their descendants in that they bore teeth in their jaws. And of these surely none were more remarkable than that wonderful diving-bird, *Hesperornis*, a monster standing over four feet high, and whose breeding-grounds were "the succession of low islands which marked the position of the present Rocky Mountains." In a few words we have, conjured up for us, the vast changes which have taken place in the earth's surface during the last few million years or so, as well as the immense antiquity of bird-life.

In his account of this most extraordinary bird the author might well have drawn attention to another light which it throws on the history of birds. *Hesperornis*, as he points out, had for countless generations contrived to find ample support in the pursuit of fishes after the fashion of the modern grebes and divers, and penguins. But having no need to perform extensive migrations, and no enemies which compelled the bird to seek safety in flight, it altogether abandoned this form of locomotion. As a consequence, the wing became gradually reduced till at the time the last *Hesperornis* gave up the ghost, only a vestige of the humerus or upper arm-bone remained to tell that a wing had once been there.

Now *Hesperornis* lived in that period of geological time known as the "cretaceous": the period immediately following that, which, towards its close, preserved for us a record of the earliest known fossil bird, the archæpteryx. This bird, which flourished towards the close of the "Jurassic" period, though possessing fully developed

wings, differed in many fundamental characters from all other birds, and in such character shows indisputable evidence of the origin of birds from reptiles. Archæpteryx was a bird of the forest, *hesperornis* a child of the open sea. Yet between the origin of the one and the extinction of the other we have evidence as to the evolution of a bird fauna as varied as that which exists to-day, a fauna of which but the extreme types only have been preserved. Moreover, this period must have been of enormous length for *hesperornis* must have passed from the condition of a shore-frequenting, swimming bird, capable of flight, to the status held to-day by the modern divers, and from this it passed to become the flightless giant whose remains were embalmed in the mud of seas whose dry beds now form part of the great American continent.

From the matter of ancestors the author passes on to review the main facts of the general structure of birds. And here too he is always interesting, though now and again he seems not so thoroughly in his element.

On the exceedingly interesting subject of the colours and coloration of birds there will be found many original observations that will be worth bearing in mind. And of these perhaps the most important are those with regard to the loss of colour which certain birds always undergo when in confinement. Let us take the case of the American Flamingo (*Phœnicopterus ruber*). This bird, in a wild state, is of a most beautiful scarlet colour, but in captivity fades, moult by moult, till almost white. By mixing some strong but harmless dye—the nature of which Mr. Beebe jealously guards as a secret by no means to be divulged—with the food, this colour has been almost completely restored, we assume, during successive moults. But in the gardens of the Zoological Society of London this experiment has been improved upon. Here, some examples of this beautiful bird have recently been turned out into a pond swarming with small crustacea, which, in a state of nature, form a large part of the bill of fare of this bird. As a consequence, the lost colour is returning to the plumage! From this it would seem that the red colour owes its origin to the same cause as that which gives the red colour to the flesh of the salmon which also feeds largely on small crustacea—the pigment which imparts the red colour so characteristic of the boiled lobster, the crab, and other members of the tribe.

This being so, then the colour of the Flamingo and of some other birds is an “acquired” and not a congenital character. That is to say it is not inherited, but re-acquired by every individual of the race. And this line of reasoning will be found to apply to many other instances of coloration among birds. Though this interpretation may have occurred to Mr. Beebe, the caution which he displays in matters of this kind—a caution which adds much to the value of his book—may have induced him to keep silence. But not only is this volume crowded with new and interesting facts: it is also profusely illustrated, and most of these illustrations are extremely good.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

COLUMBIA PHILOLOGICA

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. xvii. (Cambridge, Mass. U.S.A., 6s. 6d. net.)

HARVARD University has now published seventeen volumes dealing with various problems in classical archaeology, epigraphy, history, palæography, etc. The present volume is a good specimen of the general character of those preceding it, perhaps more than usually interesting, because it deals more with questions of history and literature, and less with speculations which, though highly important, can hardly be made attractive, such as tables recording the relative prevalence of this or that word or phrase in this or that ancient author, and attempts to establish the affinities between various manuscripts and to settle the question of their descent from a common

archetype. This is an essentially germane—and, as we have said, very valuable—branch of inquiry. But its importance may be overestimated. All manuscripts are bad, and a really brilliant conjecture outweighs their consent. The copyists were almost always men of little knowledge and less insight, and easily fell into error, misled by similarity of look (sometimes even of sound) between different words, by expressions suggested by the subject of the work on which they were engaged, and the character of their own habitual studies. The name *καθολική*, “launching,” sometimes given to the fifth book of the *Odyssey*, in which Odysseus launches his raft, is constantly given as *καθολική* by scribes presumably monkish. In the fragment from the *Cresphontes* of Euripides, to which reference has recently been made in the ACADEMY, the poet, borrowing no doubt from the passage in which Herodotus describes the custom of the Trausi (v. 4) observes:

When a child's born, his kin should throng the halls,
And weep for all the woes that he is heir to;
But when a man is dead and done with sorrow,
With joy and carol they should bear him hence.

The antithesis is, of course, between birth and death, but the manuscripts, misled by the more obvious correlation between life and death, give *ζῶντα*, which was at once corrected to *φύντα*. In like fashion *ῥάπτουσα* (*ἐφάπτουσα*), “knotting,” is corrupted by all the *codices* into *θάπτουσα*, merely because the *Antigone* turns on the rite of burial, and the Greek word meaning “to bury” was present to the mind of the scribe. So *λέοντα σίνιν* appeared in Aeschylus, *Agamemnon* 718, with the consensus of the *codices*, though in defiance of the metre, until Conington saw that what the poet wrote was *λέοντος ἰνιν*, “a lion's cub.” The scribes all gave the wrong *σίνιν* because “ravening” seemed such a good epithet for a lion, indifferent to the fact that a word with a long penult was demanded by the metre, and that the context required a whelp not the adult beast. It would be easy to give very numerous cases in which manuscripts agree in an obvious error, and the conjecture of the learned and tasteful scholar indubitably restores the hand of the ancient writer.

The American school of classics is too much under German influence, and turns too readily to the dry side of the study. They do not cultivate the pleasing art of emulating in modern exercises the manner of Sophocles or Horace, of Tacitus or Plato; and they have not as yet cultivated with any marked success the art of criticism, or the restoration of the true text of the ancient classics. But in the other branches of the study they hold their own with the best cisatlantic scholars. “Catullus and the Augustans,” by Edward Kennard Rand, is both interesting and convincing. In 1881 Alexander Riese expressed a hope that a certain “phantom” would disappear from discussions of Latin literature. This phantom was conjured up by L. Müller in a biography of Horace which appeared in 1880, and took the form of a statement that Horace and Virgil were violent opponents of the Alexandrine school in Roman poetry and of Catullus especially, as its leading representative. The phantom still haunts Cruttwell's history of Latin literature and, to some extent, the editions of Baehrens and Robinson Ellis. We can in a word promise that the article before us will lay the ghost, and the reader will enjoy the process of exorcism. Virgil, Dr. Rand maintains, in his fourth eclogue recoiled from the pessimism of Horace in his sixteenth epode on the subject of the coming of a Golden Age for Rome (which pessimism, by the way, Horace recants in *Carm.* iv. 2, 37 ff.), and in a no less friendly spirit he recoiled from the romanticism of Catullus. Horace's well-known sneer:

Nil præter Calvum et doctus cantare Catullum

is thus cleverly met:

In satirising a Methodist of pre-Raphaelite leanings—I hope I am not straining analogy—whose acquaintance with English poetry was

limited to two of his recently sanctioned hymns, *Crossing the Bar* and the *Recessional*, we should not thereby intend disrespect to Tennyson or Kipling.

Professor Minton Warren discourses with his usual learning and insight on the manuscripts of Donatus and Terence—a subject which he has made indisputably his own.

Herbert Weir Smith in his "Aspects of Greek Conservatism" throws out many suggestive and illuminating remarks. From some points of view Hellenic thought was anti-conservative:

The intensity of Hellenic political life was so feverish that even the writers of the *Federalist* inveighed against its restlessness and turbulence. The existing state of things seemed always the result of some *peripetia*, and in the paroxysms of political passion of that "whirling nebula of commonwealths," to use Mackail's phrase, the future was ever uncertain. Political change was in the direction of radicalism: it meant the substitution of one set of dominant ideas for another set of dominant ideas; for the Greeks did not, like the Romans, comprehend the virtue of concession that assumes the form of compromise.

But, on the other hand,

The aspects of Greek conservatism are too numerous not to show that, with all the rapidity of the advance of ideas, the masses were static. On every hand we meet with the rudest contrasts. The idealistic dreams of Plato, the subtleties of the ontology of Aristotle, co-exist with the superstitions of the sanatorium at Epidaurus. Athens still had her state-seer in the age of rationalism . . . still forbade that an exile for involuntary homicide, if accused of another murder, should be tried on the new charge except in a boat, while the jury of Ephetae pronounced judgment from the inviolable shore.

In Mr. William W. Goodman, America can boast a grammarian second to none. His paper on the Battle of Salamis is a masterpiece. He maintains that the common account, supposed to be founded on Herodotus, according to which the greater part of the Persian fleet was brought into the Straits of Salamis during the night before the battle, is entirely wrong, and is not borne out by the narrative of Herodotus, which he holds can be reconciled with the text of Aeschylus without emendation or wresting of the natural meaning of the language. His chief opponent is his friend Benjamin Wheeler, President of the University of California. We think Professor Goodman has established his case against the President, whose version of Aeschylus, *Persians* 382-385, we cannot accept. Surely *διὰ πλοον* is an adjective in the passage. It is incredible that there should have been a line (not to say three lines) of Persian ships between the town of Salamis and the shore of Attica, and the ancient authorities do not really support this view, which, however, is generally held by modern writers.

Mr. John William White points out the existence of a hitherto unrecognised actor in the comedies of Aristophanes, in the person of the leader of the second half-chorus, which division he assumes as normal. John Henry Wright finds the origin of Plato's "Cave," not in the quarry-grottoes of the Syracusan Latomiae, nor in the Corycian Cave above Delphi, but in the Cave of Vari in Attica. Other articles—all handled in able and scholarly fashion—are, "Notes on Vitruvius" by Morris H. Morgan, "The Origin of the Taurobolium" by C. H. Moore, "An Amphora in the Boston Museum" by G. H. Chase, "Sacer intra nos Spiritus" by C. P. Parker, and "Valerius Antias and Livy" by Albert A. Howard.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

NAMES

A Treatise on the Law Concerning Names and Changes of Name.

By A. C. FOX-DAVIES, and P. W. P. CARLYON-BRITTON.
(E. Stock, 3s. 6d.)

Lord Randolph Spencer-Churchill, . . . forgetting that he himself was "*dans cette galère*," poured forth his scorn on "double-barrelled nonentities" (p. 45).

IF Lord Randolph Churchill was a nonentity, we tremble for the conservatory-like edifice in which the joint authors

of this treatise dwell. For they are also in the same boat, if we may be permitted the mixture of metaphor. It is possible, however, that the authors will not appreciate this point, for Mr. Fox-Davies as a linguist has ever been a joy of the jaded reviewer, as is Smith Minor of the *Globe* to the reader under lighter circumstances. No one who has read that gorgeous tome "The Art of Heraldry" can forget "*In nudas veritas*" which stands, to Mr. Fox-Davies, for the more familiar "*in puris naturalibus*"; "*Ver non semper veret*," "the Latin word *gens* (*gentilis*) meaning a man" "*via Porta Rossa*" (for "*Via Porta Rossa*"), together with a host of similar "howlers" culled from the same "Art of Heraldry" find a worthy recruit to their ranks in "*nommes des plumes*" on p. 35 of the little book under review. Still, a man—even two men—may be grossly ignorant in most elementary matters of culture, and may yet have some knowledge of a special subject, and we are not reviewing a French grammar. Mr. Fox-Davies has spent many years in laying down the law for the benefit, or the discomfiture, of the merely educated person, and we should therefore hope to find him at his best in this volume.

It is a relief to discover that Mr. Fox-Davies no longer considers "Plantagenet" a surname. It is not so long since he was talking confidently about the "Arms of Plantagenet." His introductory chapters on the origin of surnames is good enough, but not characterised by any great depth of learning. We note that he has not yet lost his pathetic faith in the pedigree of Lloyd of Stockton, which, it is true, has the *imprimatur* of the College of Arms. So also, for the matter of that, has that of Lyte, traced back to Leitus "one of the five capitaynes of Beotia that went to Troye." And a reference here to

the ruling princes in Wales, in whose retinue were bards and minstrels who kept the descent alive in song and story as a part of their regular duties,

has quite a Homeric flavour. It is not so much with the origin and use of names that the authors are concerned, however, as with the law concerning changes of name, and it is to this point that most of the treatise is devoted.

We are told that there are four possible methods of changing a surname, of which only two are legal. They are (1) by mere motion coupled with advertisement; (2) by Deed Poll; (3) by Act of Parliament; (4) by Royal Licence. The introduction to this dictum is as follows. A name is no more than a description for the purpose of identification. By long continued and universal custom surnames are hereditary. No man can create a custom at his pleasure. The creation of a custom needs general and universal consent and assent.

Chief Justice Tenterden has said:

A name assumed by the voluntary act of a young man at the outset of life adopted by all who knew him, and by which he was constantly called becomes for all purposes that occur to my mind as much and as effectually his name as if he had obtained an Act of Parliament to confer it upon him.—[5 Barnewell and Alderson, 535.]

This judgment is quoted by the authors, together with others which uphold custom as the sole basis of the validity of a name. In the Jones-Herbert case (1861) the then Attorney-General said that "people were not bound to recognise the illegal assumption of a name." We are not one step further forward. What is "illegal assumption?" Custom is a matter of time. The authors say no. The Crown, or an Act of Parliament, can alone establish a custom.

This is sheer nonsense. The most that the authors can say in support of their assertion is that

from the earliest times the Crown has in England, as in some other countries, definitely made the assertion that change of name and the sanction thereof are within its prerogative. But there never seems to have been a case in which the Crown has deliberately put the existence of its prerogative to the test of a judicial decision (the italics are our own).

In changes of name as a condition of inheritance under a will, common law has held that unless a Royal Licence be required under the terms of the will, assumption of the name by mere motion, combined with due attempt to create custom by advertisement or Deed Poll is sufficient. In the face of this it is idle to assert that such an assumption creates no right in the name. To say that "the gift of a name or the change of a name is within the prerogative of the Crown," after showing that the origin of all surnames was purely a matter of common repute, and liable to change with change of environment, is to indulge in flat self-contradiction.

How are we to get out of this tangle? The authors find it simple. They say:

The whole thing is wonderfully simple if the correct initial step be taken in the chain of argument.
A name is an inheritance.

They go on to argue that as a man cannot create or grant an estate of inheritance to himself, so he cannot create a name for himself: *argal*, he cannot validly change his name by his own sanction and authority only; that all authority was originally vested in the Crown, *argal*, the Crown alone can create a custom. It is pretty, but is it true?

So long ago as the reign of Edward II. a Royal Licence is said to have been issued to Edmund Deincourt that in accordance with the settlement of his land, which was specifically authorised, a consequent change of name and arms should be effected.

But the licence as transcribed by Mr. Fox-Davies (his hand lies heavy on its Latin) from a letter of Thynne, Lancaster Herald in 1605, refers to another lost licence, which dealt with the bequeathing of name and arms, together with the estate, Deincourt having no heir of his name. Here it is the transference of the land, not of the name, which is of importance.

The other examples given of the use of the Royal prerogative are no more convincing than this lost licence. The case of John de Claving is no more than legend. The Mowbray name is territorial. Richard Williams, great-great-grandfather of the Protector, changed his name to Cromwell in accordance with the wish of King Henry VIII. It is true that the expressed wish of such a monarch as Henry VIII. was best regarded as a command. But the character of a single king does not create royal prerogatives.

Another case ("very much more to the point," say our authors) really raises a smile. According to Dodsworth, as transcribed by Mr. Fox-Davies, "*Gilbertus Willielmus . . . fecit se vocari (sic) coram rege in parlamento Willielmum de Lancaster baronem de Kendale.*" To use this statement as an instance of the exercise of the royal prerogative on the ground that "from the known jealousy of Henry II. for his prerogative, De Lancaster (*sic*) must first have had permission granted him to bring his request before the chamber" is simply begging the question. And further, whatever Dodsworth's sources may have been (and they are often merely monastic concoctions) we have no liking for a double Christian name in the time of Henry II. And whatever "*fecit se vocari*" may mean, it does not convey the idea of a request. But when, after all this talk of prerogative, the authors proceed to give, with hopeless inconsistency, a number of "specimen forms" for the assumption of names by Deed Poll and advertisement, forms of procedure which they denounce as illegal, we lose patience. And our impatience verges upon disgust, when we meet with the old war-cry of Mr. Fox-Davies concerning armorial bearings. He says on p. 97:

With regard to the assumption of names, there are undoubtedly two widely divergent opinions held by opposing advocates. There is no alternating opinion about the assumption of arms, which is admittedly absolutely illegal without the licence of the Crown.

No one would cavil at this statement, if it concerned only the "pirating" of arms already belonging to other

families. The Stywards of Norfolk bear the arms of Stewart of Scotland "by licence of the Crown." The Spencers have been empowered by the same licence to use the arms of Le Despenser. The Bedford Russells look on helplessly while an Irish family of the same name is practically bullied into an "authorised" theft of their insignia. Mr. Fox-Davies has had ample opportunity of learning in the past few years, from students of heraldry who are also educated men, that arms are *not* "good or bad as they are recorded or unrecorded" at the Herald's College. A large proportion of the "good" arms (*i.e.*, arms which have not been stolen by their user from any one else) are not recorded in Queen Victoria Street, while a great number of the arms there recorded are "bad" (*i.e.*, stolen) or purely mythical (*e.g.*, the arms of Beli Mawr).

The parallel between names and arms is as close as the authors of this treatise would have us believe. But it proves the converse of their hypothesis. That is all the difference. There is no royal prerogative in either case; custom and use constitute the only right either to name or arms. Thus while Scrope and Grosvenor must fight it out before a court of honour for the right to bear "azure a bend or," an obscure Cornish knight bore the same arms without let or hindrance, because his use interfered with neither. A reference to the "*De Insigniis et Armis*" of Bartolo di Sasso Ferrato will complete the parallel. According to the fourteenth-century jurist, arms were invented like surnames for the purpose of distinguishing one individual from another, and as a man may take upon himself a surname, so also he may take arms at his pleasure. Priority of use constituted the only right. The brilliant article on "The English Gentleman" contributed by Sir George Sitwell to the first volume of the "*Ancestor*" expands and establishes the argument.

This treatise of Mr. Fox-Davies and Mr. Carlyon-Britton is well-meant. It is a conscientious effort, but, being based upon false premisses, its conclusions are also false. The pity of it is that the authors have refused to learn from those who are competent to teach.

AN IMAGINATIVE REALIST

Human Affairs. By VINCENT O'SULLIVAN. (Nutt, 3s. 6d.)

IN "Human Affairs" Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan has produced a very striking book of stories. The longest of them, "Verschoyle's House," is the one which will perhaps make the widest appeal. It is a story of the period of the civil war in England, but it differs very greatly from what one is accustomed to expect from authors dealing with this well-worn subject. It concerns the life of Mr. Verschoyle, a sinister and indeed appalling old man who is versed in the "black arts," his hapless wife, and her lover, from whom she was snatched, Sir Edward Morvan. What might in less able hands have turned out mere melodrama is made by Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan into a tale of enthralling psychological interest, full of imaginative power and insight, written moreover in a beautiful English which whenever it becomes deliberately archaic does so with taste and learning. In our opinion, so fine and so finely told is the story that it would have been improved had Mr. O'Sullivan finished it at the point when Sir Edward Morvan, at the head of a body of troops, takes his just revenge on the terrible Verschoyle. The remainder of the story, the story of the repossession of the living man's body by the soul of the dead man, and the gradual change of comely face and figure of Sir Edward into the face and form of his old enemy is too fearful and too violent in its Poe-like horror. We are left at the end not quite certain of what actually has happened, and with a feeling of almost resentment against the author for so tormenting, and by such unfair means, the unhappy lovers whose sad lives we have followed to the point when it seems that at last there is to be happiness for them.

But it is a very remarkable story. When we ventured to say that it would make the widest appeal we were not, as might be supposed, referring to the undoubted fact that the public generally prefers the worse to the better, but because, besides being really good, it contains the sort of interest which is more likely to appeal to a larger class of readers than the other stories. "The Bars of the Pit" is quite as good in its way, but probably people won't like it. "After Dinner" and "At the Revue" are little masterpieces of observation, cruel observation, and irony. But in our opinion the best story (if you can call it a story) in the book is the one called "Notices of the life of Mrs. Fladd." Here Mr. O'Sullivan's gift of irony is shown at its highest point. It is savage and bitter, but bracing and stimulating. The world is full of Mrs. Fladds. Mr. O'Sullivan has a way of calling a spade a spade that will perhaps bring the mantling blush to the cheeks of prudish people and people who do not love truth, but his book will harm no one, and to many it will come as a revelation of power and mastery over the medium of his art with which they have not yet credited him.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

The Religion of Ancient Rome. By CYRIL BAILEY, M.A. (Religions Ancient and Modern.) (Constable, 1s. net.)

THERE is no fault to find with the latest addition to Messrs. Constable's useful little series, for its sole defect is that there is not enough of it, a defect which is inherent in the whole series, and is necessitated by the limitation of cost. But Mr. Bailey has said more, and with more effect, than we should have supposed possible in the space at his disposal. In nine short chapters he has mapped out the main features of Roman religion, its antecedents and its results moral and national.

It is open to doubt whether Mr. Bailey is right in ascribing to the primitive Roman the view that the *silex* and the Terminus-stone were gods in themselves, before they became the symbols of an in-dwelling god. The writer of this review holds an opposite opinion with regard to similar objects of veneration in Greece, especially in the case of "tree-worship." Mr. Bailey says "doubtless at first the tree was itself the object of veneration." A point like this is and must remain a matter of opinion, though the majority of instances collected by Dr. Frazer and others seem to point to the primæval belief in an in-dwelling spirit.

In outlining the "religion of Numa" the author emphasises the undefined character of primitive Roman gods or *numina*, uncertain of sex, scarcely anthropomorphised "vague in his conception but specialised in his function." There is none of that warm humanity which makes the gods of Greece intelligible, even lovable, to modern minds, for the Roman *numen* is an elusive influence, not an intimate and personal object of worship.

But the ultimate moral effect is much the same in both cases. For Greek and Roman alike bargained with their gods, paid them their due, and expected an adequate return for the service. Ritual swamped religion, in the case of Rome, and myth was not. In Greece, to a great extent, myth dictated ritual and aided religion.

The most enduring, because the most human, aspect of Roman religion, was the family worship, the mighty safeguard of the *patria potestas*. And it was because the Roman state religion was modelled exactly upon that of the family, that while, as Mr. Bailey says "the religion of Rome may not have advanced the theology or the ethics of the world, it made and held together a nation."

When we come to the definitely anthropomorphic gods, we find Mars a genuine vegetation god, something after the fashion of the Hercules of later Rome—the protector of the farm-yard. But war is his province as a state-god.

It is interesting to note the absorption by the anthropomorphic gods of the abstract *numina*.

According to Preller, Quirinus is the Sabine Mars, in both aspects of agriculture and war. Mr. Bailey's notice of him is very short, but he names Jupiter, Mars, and Quirinus as the state-triad which was eventually supplanted by the Etruscan triad, Jupiter, Juno and Minerva.

The notice of the organisation of the Roman state religion, and of the calendar, is good, but would have been improved by a fuller list of the great festivals. It is in this section that the effects of compression are most felt.

In his last chapter Mr. Bailey discusses the remarkable influence of a religion of formularies, many of which had practically lost their meaning by the time of Cicero, upon a virile and practical people, and comes to the only possible conclusion, namely, that it was the stimulating effect that such a religion exercised upon the Roman's two strongest traits, the sense of duty, and that of law, which constituted its sole power to inspire a people which has handed down an inheritance of law to succeeding ages.

A Tarpaulin Muster. By JOHN MASEFIELD. (E. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.)

MR. MASEFIELD is a man of varied talents. He has written verse of no little accomplishment. His play, *The Campden Wonder*, though it gave no pleasure to Fleet Street, was rather a powerful piece of work in the raw-head-and-bloody-bones style. While his anthology of Sailors' Chanties was an interesting collection, though not a first-rate one. Mr. Masefield therefore is a man of letters from whom one looks for works of a certain ambition and fineness of quality. Judged by this standard "A Tarpaulin Muster" is something of a disappointment. It is a collection of sketches, most of them dealing with sea life, collected from the *Manchester Guardian* and other papers. They are picturesque and done with knowledge, but the total effect they produce in bulk is somewhat flat. They would be well enough read singly in the periodicals in which they appeared, but we rather question whether they were worth collecting into a volume.

The Steps of Life. By CARL HILTY. (Macmillan, 5s. net.)

WHAT stands in the way of our happiness, says Carl Hilty, is a twofold terrible reality known to every one who has lived beyond the first unconscious age of childhood—Sin and Sorrow. When we shall have shaken ourselves free from these grim encumbrances that hamper our every effort after the ideal, we shall go far to achieve the perfect life. Professor Peabody, who has contributed a short introduction to the series of essays which forms the book, tells us that Carl Hilty is not a preacher, and that his essays are not to be taken in the light of sermons. They represent the fruits of experience and the ideas of a Swiss professor of Constitutional Law, developed and formulated in hours of leisure. In "The Steps of Life" Professor Hilty presents his gospel, obviously the product of much quiet thought and sober reasoning. He does not seek to force it on us, he gives us his conclusions with a calm quietness, almost an aloofness, as if it mattered little to him whether his reader were to agree or disagree with his views. He states his case unobtrusively, and as unobtrusively retires. Considering the subjects with which he deals, his writing is singularly free from jargon or obscure terminology, and his meaning is invariably clear.

The most jarring effect in the book is produced by the bilious paper upon which the publisher has seen fit to print, or rather to electotype, Professor Hilty's essays. Sometimes the sentences are loose and slipshod, but the faults of style may belong to the translator.

The real secret of knowing human nature [we are told] lies in possessing a pure heart innocent of self-conceit; such people gradually acquire a keenness of vision that pierces all the outer wrappings

At times the writer makes a statement that in itself invites criticism.

To understand the nature of any individual it is important to know his derivation. Women in especial follow, almost without exception, the character of their family, sons, as a rule, that of the mother or their mother's father, daughters oftener the paternal side.

On whose authority are we to accept this? And again, in the chapter entitled "What is culture?" (a subject likely in itself to prove dangerous in the handling):

Whoever works on Sundays, just the same as on weekdays, when he is not compelled to, you may quietly consider as little cultured as the man who does nothing any day.

Wherefore so? No sane person with any pretensions to "culture" would take exception to the conduct of a man who abstained, on religious grounds, from working on the Sabbath, but neither would the same person dream of censuring another in whom such scruples did not exist. If Professor Hilty means to say merely that it is unbecoming in a professing Christian to do work on Sundays when he is not compelled, then he should be more explicit in his language.

For all this, Professor Hilty but rarely talks wide of the mark. At times he waxes epigrammatic.

Thoroughgoing pessimists are always vain. . . . As to good qualities, men like best to speak of those they do not possess; while, as to evil qualities, the proverb speaks truly: "With what the heart is full, with that the mouth runs over." People who take pleasure in speaking of impure things and the dangers of the world in this regard, although they may do so with the most earnest show of disapprobation, always feel a strong secret inclination thereto. Others, whose every third word is "benevolence" and "good works," have to struggle with a disposition toward avarice or covetousness. The worst are those who are for ever talking of "uprightness" and "loyalty."

If one passes over Carl Hilty's occasional lapses into extravagance, one can find much to admire in these essays. They are obviously the product of deep and earnest thought on the author's part, and they are provocative of much thought for the reader.

MR. ZANGWILL'S JEWS

I WISH sincerely that Mr. Zangwill would give us more stories about Jews. The subject is wide and subtle and profoundly interesting and he is by far the most competent writer on it. There have been and may be others of considerable ability—for example the girl who wrote "Reuben Sachs" and died so sadly before the ripening of her powers. But Mr. Zangwill's imaginative sympathy and his keen and delicate perception of character have the mark of genius on them. I do not observe it, I confess, in his other work; it is when he writes of his own race, and then only, I think, that he seems to reach clearness and intensity of vision and to expound reality. So I would that he did it more often. It is understood that the best of his time and energy is given to the cause of sending the Jews back to Palestine, and I am far too conscious of how much in a man's life is any practical enthusiasm—or one he thinks practical—to quarrel with that devotion, but at least what time he can spare from it should be given to this fine and rare achievement of explaining his strong and strange and elusive race. I really cannot bear to read of his arguing hotly with Mr. Shaw about book clubs and publishers.

His last book, "Ghetto Comedies" (Heinemann), in all but three of its fourteen stories, deals with Jews who have essentially remained aloof from the Gentile life about them. (Some of them, by the way, are more tragic than comic, but I am too interested to bother about definitions). That is his preference, and I can well understand it. I can understand that he is impatient with those of his race who give up, so easily, an immemorial heritage. Nevertheless, I wish he would give more attention to them. There is, obviously, much to be explained, and much, I do

not doubt, to be seen by eyes so penetrating as his—curious differences, strange remnants of ancient memories and feelings. It is absurd to suppose that a generation or two of agnosticism and dining at Gentile restaurants can altogether abolish the distinctiveness of the most distinctive race in history. Now and again he does show us these differences. But for the most part he assumes that a Jew who has abandoned his racial customs and mixes freely with the rest of us becomes precisely as any other member of our upper-class or middle-class society, and moreover is so regarded by it. The former assumption I cannot believe, the latter I know to be unfounded. It is natural for Mr. Zangwill to suppose it, because it is understood among the polite of us that Jews do not wish to be reminded of their race, and one would not ordinarily refer (in speaking to one) to the fact of common acquaintances being Jews also. But the fact is remembered, all the same, though of course not necessarily with dislike, and their having dropped the synagogue makes no difference. Again, the curious anti-Semitism so common among Anglicised Jews is itself an evidence of race: Mr. Zangwill has touched on it, but not investigated its psychology as I should wish. Yes, there is a great deal left for him to explain.

What he has given us is wonderful. Once more, in reading this last book, I feel as when I read its predecessors the strangeness and vividness of the fact he brings home so vividly—that in the midst of us, a mile from one's door, or only round the corner, is a community profoundly and consciously alien. Every time, as I came across the expression, I felt a pleasant little thrill of strangeness, that there are people we may meet and do business with habitually who regard us as "the heathen," their born inferiors, the born objective of their skill. It is wonderful to read of ritual, yet observed, which has been kept from father to son through all the wanderings and sojournings since it was ordained in the distant Eastern past, and wonderful are the comedies, and still more the tragedies, which come of the clash of all this with new contiguities and new developments. One of Mr. Zangwill's best themes is the old Jewish man or woman who sees beloved children straying into "heathen" ways, or even proposing "heathen" marriage. Such a figure is the old mother in "Anglicisation." And it is, by the way, with old people and with children that Mr. Zangwill is most understanding and and therefore most tender; on striving and especially on successful men and women his touch is harder and sometimes indifferent.

There would be little profit in taking the stories individually. As mere stories they are not particularly good, not so good as many Mr. Zangwill has done before. That is natural. Mr. Zangwill is a man who thinks, and men who think grow less facilely inventive and often quite unable to devise "plots" and "situations." But he has never drawn better characters than some in this book. The old woman in "The Bearer of Burdens" and the musician in "The Hirelings" are finely conceived and realised. And I found with joy my old friend Pinchas from "The Children of the Ghetto"—Pinchas, the quite genuine poet and artist, superhumanly vain and preposterously silly, lying and sponging, comic to the bounds of farce, but somehow a genius. Two of the studies are exceeding sad. One—in "The Model of Sorrows"—is of an old mendicant Jew, a man of much dignity and inconceivable patience and persistence, and yet, as one gradually finds out, a cheat and a liar: that, as Mr. Zangwill thinks, may well be the real tragedy of his race, and yet poverty and misfortune produce the type everywhere. The other is the musician I spoke of before, a genius with a mean soul, fired to the assertion of his race by a slight but falling away at once when the Gentiles smile on him: that, it may be, is even more than the other the real tragedy of Jewry.

Personally I close this book, like the rest of Mr. Zangwill's Jewish studies, with the feeling that I have been among amiable, people—affectionate and kindly,

especially with children, humorous, and on the whole wise. He does this for the Ghetto: if he could do as much for the Jews who are far removed from it he would do a great disservice to anti-Semitism. Perhaps he despairs? Yet most of us know successful Jews whom we like and respect, and whom few of us would like and respect the less for being shown how their race persists in and distinguishes them. He should try again, and on the chance of rivalry spurring him I tell him that in my opinion he has never drawn an opulent and successful Jew so interesting and well realised as the one in Mr. Turner's last book—laboriously British, ineradicably Oriental. Surely he will try.

G. S. STREET.

PRONUNCIATION

I.—THE SMATTERING OF LATIN

It is a pity that Dr. Postgate's pamphlet "How to pronounce Latin" has not attracted more attention. We have little more than Mr. Wimbolt's leading article in the *Times*, letters from Dr. Sandys and Dr. Murray, and one too brief from Mr. T. W. Dunn. Yet it represents the high authority of its author, that of the Three Societies to which it refers, and that of the Board of Education. Dr. Postgate states his case candidly, comprehensively and—considering the indeterminable forms which he uses as standards—with surprising lucidity. I employ Dr. Postgate's term the *Current* pronunciation, for the peculiarly English mode used exclusively thirty or over twenty years ago. I employ the vowel characters to represent their continental sounds.

The impression prevails in lay minds, that the *Current* pronunciation was introduced at the Reformation, and that reform now means a return to an earlier mode. This is inaccurate, there are three modes; the traditional or Reuchlinian, the Erasmian first introduced at the Reformation, and the *Current*. The two first are based on reason, and though the differences between them gave rise to bitter controversies, they are unanimous as against the *Current* mode. That is merely a jargon produced by deafness, carelessness, confusion, and isolation. It has no merit except a supposed utility to schoolmasters, which I think Mr. T. W. Dunn over-estimates; no one needs it less than himself, as I hope to notice more particularly in the course of a second article.

In touching on the history of the subject I must traverse ground already covered by Dr. Sandys's letter. The Reuchlinian and Erasmian controversies of the sixteenth century were concerned with Greek primarily and more incidentally with Latin as a cognate language. The principal of Reuchlin's defence of the elder mode lies in the continuous use of living languages, that of Erasmus's reform in the resuscitation of dead languages mummified at a particular period of their development. Latin had continued in use all over Western Europe as an official language, both ecclesiastical and civil, until the opening of the controversy in 1528. The earliest schools of any kind in England, such as Alcuin's and Anselm's, were Latin schools. It had undergone changes under this usage, but not always in the direction of disintegration. It had also developed into six neo-latin vernaculars, which differed in the value of certain Latin consonants, but agreed in that of four out of five vowels. French differed from the rest in the value of U. Official Latin had undergone corresponding changes of sound, among both Latin and non-latin peoples, though naturally less in degree. By this time the four Latin vowel-characters represented their original sounds in all European vernaculars except English, in which they were hopelessly confused, as they are at present. In the English pronunciation of Latin, however, they still retained their proper value. Greek, on the other hand, had become an unknown tongue throughout Western and Northern Europe, until it was revived by the

learned of the Italian Renaissance, and stimulated by the migration of Greeks on the capture of Constantinople by the Turks. Greek, within its own sphere, had undergone greater changes perhaps than official Latin, but it had not developed into divers neo-greek languages. There was therefore not as much divergency in its pronunciation by learned Greeks.

At the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century Reuchlin was regarded as the head of Teutonic scholarship in Hebrew, Greek and Latin. He first learnt Greek from pupils of Tifernes, who had translated the *Ethics* into Latin for Nicholas V. At that Pope's court also lived other learned Greeks, and among them Cardinal Bessarion, who had held high rank in the Orthodox Church before his reconciliation with the Holy See. Later, Reuchlin associated at Florence with Contoblacas, Chalcondyles, Politian and Pico della Mirandola, so that he represented the Greek traditions of the earlier and later Renaissance. These were represented in England by Grocyn and Linacre, both pupils of Chalcondyles, and by a scholar of less reputation, but still distinguished in Greek, Stephen Gardiner. The latest representative of this Reuchlinian school who concerns us was Gregory Martin, who with Cardinal Allen translated the Rheims and Douay version of the Bible.

As to the purity of Latin pronunciation in England, at least in theory, we have the high testimony of Erasmus. He first visited England in 1499 and left finally in 1514. In the second edition of his *Colloquies* (1524) he insists that the Latin quantities were still observed in English Latin. The passage to which he refers is in the dialogue on Courtesy in Saluting. In 1528, in his dialogue *De recta Latini Graecique Sermonis Pronuntiatione*, he states that the Italians preferred the English pronunciation to all but their own, and he notices certain errors which he had heard in England as tricks of individuals contrary to its rules. In 1535, according to Strype, Sir Thomas Smith and Sir John Cheke (he who "taught Cambridge and King Edward Greek"), began planning together at Cambridge a reform of the pronunciation of Greek. Having formulated a system they conformed it a little later to that of Erasmus published in 1528. They introduced it cautiously into the University, modifying their pronunciation of Latin also in accordance with Erasmus's system. In 1539 their innovations were referred to Stephen Gardiner, who was then Chancellor. Smith was absent, but he loyally supported Cheke. After a correspondence in which both engaged with Gardiner, he proscribed under penalties their reforms in Greek and any changes at all in Latin. The most salient of these changes concerned the consonants C and G and the consonant-U (or V). Broadly speaking they were those advocated now by the Three Societies. They are based largely on the authority of Cicero and Quintilian. Gardiner was as familiar with these authors, as were his opponents and as are the Three Societies. He chose characteristically to base his condemnation on the living authority of tradition, rather than to discuss details which could only be established as probabilities, and rules which could only be applied correctly to a limited period. The practical wisdom of his decision is shown by the near sequel, by the remote, still more plainly. On the accession of Elizabeth, the system of Erasmus, Smith and Cheke triumphed and became the official pronunciation. In 1565 Metkerke's treatise in support of it appeared, and between that date and 1570 Gregory Martin wrote his reply. A passage in the latter shows that the system had not then prevailed either at home or abroad. Martin writes:

Certe nunquam, ut ego existimo, eam sonorum novitatem induces in Latinam linguam, quae jam caepit familiaris esse, ut persuades hominibus Romanis "generosum" et "gentilem" pronuntiare absque sonum J consonantis.

So far there are few signs of the *Current* pronunciation, but there are some. I would remind Mr. Wimbolt of one.

Among the tricks noticed by Erasmus was Colet's solecism in pronouncing and often even in writing *faciebat* for *faciebat*. It was a bad habit contracted in childhood of which the constant corrections of his friends could never break him. Erasmus calls the solecism "the Scottish E." Of another, "the Scottish A," I cannot at the moment identify the sound positively. Subject to correction, I think it was that heard in the English word *hate*. A story is told by Cheke of a bishop at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign who read the words 'Ηλ, 'Ηλ, λὰν σαβαὶθ to sound like *I ly, I ly* (modern English literature, *I lie I lie*). This is not an example of the solecism called *iotism*, which consists in pronouncing too many vowels as *I* (continental). It seems to be the germ of the error which, in the time of Thomas Coryate (1604), as Dr. Sandys says, completely isolated England in its pronunciation of the long *I*. I have not space to repeat the excerpt from the passage by Coryate which Dr. Sandys has already quoted, I add the remainder.

The Italian when he uttereth any Latin word wherein the letter *i* is to be pronounced long, doth alwaies pronounce it as a double *e*, viz., as *ee*. As for example; he pronounces *fecdes* for *fides*, *veeta* for *vita*, *amecus* for *amicus*, etc.; but where the *i* is not to be pronounced long he uttereth it as we doe in England, as in these wordes, *impius*, *aquila*, *patria*, *Ecclesia*; not *aqueila*, *patreca*, *Ecclesieca*. And this pronunciation is so general in all Italy that every man which speaketh Latin soundeth a double *e* for an *i*. Neither is it proper to Italy only, but to all other nations whatsoever in Christendome saving to England. . . . [Here follows Dr. Sandys's excerpt.] Neither would some of them (amongst whom I was not a little inquisitive for the reason of their pronunciation) sticke to affirme that Plautus, Terence, Cicero, Hortensius, Caesar and those other selected flowers of eloquence amongst the auncient Romans pronounced the *i* in that sort as they themselves doe.

From Coryate's interest in the subject and his silence as to other differences between his pronunciation and that of the foreigners he met, it seems that in other respects he used the Reuchlenian mode as they did. Dr. Sandys gives another example in the same year, viz. the total inability of Scaliger to understand one word of the Anglo-Latin talked to him by an English scholar who visited him at Leyden. The scholar must have spoken in the *Current* mode in an advanced stage of decay. In 1644 Milton writes to Hartlib on Education, criticising the method of teaching, the waste of time, the miserable Latin and Greek so acquired, and the "wretched barbarising against Latin and Greek idiom, with their untutored Anglicisms odious to be read."

The speech of striplings [he continues] is to be fashioned to a distinct and clear pronunciation, as near as may be to the Italian, especially in the vowels. For we Englishmen being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air wide enough to grace a southern tongue; but are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inward, so that to smatter Latin with an English mouth is as ill hearing as law French.

Finally Dr. Postgate tells us the sad story of an adult, instructed, honoured and endowed by the University of Cambridge in 1889, so ignorant as not to know that the first letter of the alphabet has one sound in Europe, and many or none in England, so undeveloped as to detect no difference between the vowels *A* and *E* even when emphasised by music, and so stupid as to expose the failure of his education.

I hope that I have made it clear that I do not attribute the smattering of Latin to the Erasmian system directly. It is the outcome of that isolation which Dr. Sandys notices, but I fear that the isolation was caused by a premature attempt to replace a traditional mode in universal use by an antiquarian system.

SALOME, STRAUSS AND SATHANAS

WE must make up our minds never to see *Salomé* played in England. Now and then, no doubt, we may have the opportunity of journeying to Bayswater or Bloomsbury to see it acted in a dingy hall—when the Scala Theatre could

scarcely hold it worthily. With that we must be satisfied; and we must not blame the Censor alone. Supposing the idiotic ban which he is forced officially to place on it removed, it still would not be worth the while (pecuniarily) of Mr. Tree or Mrs. Patrick Campbell to mount it and act it as it deserves. The fault, in fact, lies not in our stars but in ourselves. Among the many strange and great qualities of Wilde's play, one stands pre-eminent, a kind of hunger for beauty—not moral beauty, but the beauty of stuffs and gems and women, of cups of amber that are like apples of gold, of white peacocks with gilded beaks and purple feet. That is a kind of beauty for which the playgoing public has no hunger. To them the litanies of jewels and of weapons in "Dorian Gray" are but dull catalogues of things which are not even for sale at Christie's and thus legitimate subjects of commercial interest. The beauty of the crafts, of art that domineers over nature, now making use of her and now expelling her with a gilded pitchfork does not appeal to them. It seems wicked, while there is nothing wicked of course in the laughter at moral deformity or the sympathy with moral obtuseness which provides their daily theatrical amusement.

We have a strong suspicion, however, that there is some one else to blame besides the Censor and the public; and that is Mr. John Lane. His offence began with the publication of Beardsley's designs in illustration of *Salomé*; he has aggravated it by the re-issue of them in a beautiful quarto, with Lord Alfred Douglas's translation. "One should not forget," writes Mr. Lawrence Gilman, to whom we shall come presently:

to give due credit to the admirably poetic and eloquent English translation of Wilde's text made by Lord Alfred Douglas, with its curious and striking mixture of the verbal style of the King James version and something of the rhythmic cadence of M. Maeterlinck—a sufficiently odd yet influential compound.

For "the King James version" read pure and classical English touched here and there with the fine simplicity (exceedingly difficult to recapture) of an early Miracle or Morality, and you have a fair description of the English version; but since it is not Lord Alfred Douglas we are arraigning we may pass on. It was Beardsley, we believe, that was the last straw to the professional critic, who so often confuses his office with that of proctor or prefect, and the world with a pack of schoolboys. Why did wicked Mr. Lane choose Beardsley to publish instead of a set of nice, respectable illustrations by, say, Sir Noel Paton, or Mr. Sant, or even Mr. Blair Leighton, or Mr. Charles Buchel, whose *Herod* (as Mr. Tree) glares in His Majesty's Theatre? The book might then have been found in every cultured home. But Mr. Lane must choose Beardsley, adding another scarlet letter (a capital *A* for Art) to that already won for the play by its authorship, and the mischief was done. Thenceforth *Salomé* was to be cut dead by the respectable.

And there is some excuse for the respectable. It is a commonplace that one man of genius cannot interpret another in exactly his own terms; and Beardsley could no more be true to Wilde in his illustrations than he could to Aristophanes. In these *Salomé* drawings more clearly than in any of his work, perhaps, we see one of his characteristics—the mocking spirit, the Mephistopheles, *der stüts verneint*. These drawings are, without exaggeration, devilish, and their author the Sathanas of our title. Turn them over, and with the impression of them strong in your mind let your eyes fall on the last. The dead *Salomé*, the masked pierrot, the faun, the powder-pot and the monstrous puff—if all this, coming where it does, is not devilish, devilishly witty, and devilishly cruel and devilishly "denying," the word has no meaning. Is there any recorded utterance of Wilde's on these drawings? He must have been interested in the genius, which, after finding in his play the inspirations for some of its most exquisite work, could dismiss it so with a mocking laugh. Do what we will, we cannot help thinking in this connection

of a nymph weeping on the sward and a satyr laughing back at her as he leaps into the thicket.

Well, if the collocation of too much genius into one work has frightened us in England, it is not so abroad. The reception of *Salomé* on the Continent may be learned from Mr. Robert Ross's prefatory note to the edition we have been speaking of. And now Mr. Lawrence Gilman has had the courage to analyse the music of the opera, which is one of the most popular in the *répertoire* of the towns of the Continent. No more than Beardsley can this third man of genius interpret Wilde faithfully; and Strauss's task must have been extraordinarily difficult. He had not, as most composers of operas have, to give life and art to an entirely colourless and inartistic libretto. He had to take a work of art already perfect, a piece of literature which, like all good literature, had already its own music, its own tone, refrains, melodies, harmonies and discords, and wed it to that which was struggling for birth from his own brain. And the result, if something of great power and import, is not the *Salomé* of Wilde. It is something far more turbulent, if not more tremendous, more savage, if not fiercer, more cataclysmal, if not more terrible. "The orchestra thunders simultaneously in two violently antagonistic keys; or the band as a whole will be playing in A-flat major, while the singer intones valiantly a phrase in A (natural) minor." (That word "valiantly" shows a sad lack of humour in Mr. Gilman, but never mind: we are too grateful for his patience and skill in explaining the music to quibble with his phrases.) But where in Wilde's *Salomé* do we find such artistic brutality as that, such crudeness of means, and so violent a struggle for an aim which the author fulfilled with so much deceptive ease? The "catalogue" part of *Salomé* (see Mr. Ross's note again)—the joy of the aesthete lingering over the beautiful things of this Eastern world of his imagining—is gone: so is the consummate craftsmanship. But we have in their place something that is worth having. No one who has seen the opera (stay-at-homes who have only heard the music can form no idea of its effect) but will declare Strauss to have been justified in his method of treating the play. The horror, the terror, and the pity of it, the immensity of the passions and the grandeur of the gloom under which the story is played out, are raised to an unendurable pitch. While *Salomé* leans over the edge of the cistern waiting to hear the executioner's blow in the darkness below her, a single note on the double-bass, plucked by the player's fingers, throbs inevitably on, and the opening of the Beethoven C minor symphony is pale beside its effect. What could be more ghastly than the descending passage in which *Salomé* demands the head of the Baptist, or more violent than Herod's final command? Here and there, too, though Strauss's humour is a bludgeon and Wilde's a darting rapier, there is worthy humour in the score: witness the Jews wrangling in different keys all at once.

The fact that the *Salomé* who sings is never the same performer as the *Salomé* who dances—the substitution being effected with reasonable care—is an objection which a little exercise of the imagination on the spectator's part soon gets over, and is, indeed, almost unnoticeable amid the splendour and terror of the work as a whole. Strauss—Teuton that he is—has taken the play as seriously as Beardsley took it maliciously (in the French sense of *malice*); together they offer a striking example of the universality of a work of art. We shall never see the opera in England; but, after all, it is not very far to, say, Munich, where it is played as often as *Cavalleria Rusticana* is played in London. Instructive contrast!

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

MENTAL SHOCKS

THE world has witnessed a great outburst of Shakespeare during the past week or two. We do not speak of the

man who was born and buried at Stratford-on-Avon, but of that elemental force called by his name, which is part of the mental cosmos of humanity. It operates like earthquakes; one never knows when or where it is to break out next. If anybody, like the learned man in the Isle of Wight who measures by delicate instruments what the daily papers call seismic disturbances, has a Shakespeareometer he would have noticed it tremble with pleasing oscillations last week and would have "wired" his predictions. Quite true; there were anniversary performances of Shakespearean plays in Stratford-on-Avon. More violent movements would have accompanied Mr. Tree's visit to Berlin and the outbursts of the German critics. But we should be surprised to know that the instrument remained intact the other day under the agitation of a new book on Shakespeare. Not on a play by Shakespeare, or a scene, or new readings, or a side of his genius, or a fresh view of his life, but on the whole tremendous world-thrilling subject—Shakespeare, and by a professor of literature.

If Shakespeare were mere literature; if he were just an old dramatist, we could afford to take the book calmly. But he is not mere literature. He will not sit quiet beside Ford, and Massinger, and Webster and Middleton. He is an ethical force and breaks out periodically in mind-quakes. The world is agreed that he is a high priest, a prophet, a teacher, a lawyer's clerk, a botanist, a mad doctor, and besides was well worthy to be a university professor. We have him in us; he has become part of us; and we cannot get rid of him. He is everywhere; in sermons, in lectures, in leading articles and misleading reviews. Some persons obtain relief from that fashionable state called obsession by writing books about him; others increase their affliction by reading these books. Yet others, like Mr. Sidney Lee, give up struggling early and surrender themselves entirely, becoming Shakespeareans pure and simple. These are men who edit him and tell us what he meant, but they rarely agree, and in their quarrels manifest a belief that he belongs to them severally. The New Shakespeare Society have him on a string, and at intervals Mr. Furnival seems about to produce him, but he does not. It is as unsatisfactory as a spiritualistic séance.

If the man Shakespeare had foreknown that his writings were to possess the minds of people to this extent we believe he would have taken pains to destroy them. When they had served their day and purpose he did his best to let them die. But those officious fellows John Heminge and Henry Condell gathered them together and published them in a book, and thereby poured into the ears of men a concoction more potent than that which made a ghost of Hamlet's father. Hamlet! The name comes pat to our purpose. There, indeed, is an amazing moral puzzle to foist upon mankind in the form of a play. Add to it the verbal and other puzzles contained in *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Othello*, and all the rest of them, and ask whether Shakespeare would really have given these to the world unless he had meant men to understand them, and to enjoy them. And why is it that they are not altogether clear? Possibly because we no longer consider them as plays by a man called Shakespeare, but part of the revelation of a miraculous genius embodied in the human form, called William Shakespeare—or any other form of ecstatic language which may convey that meaning, or lack of meaning.

Some years ago two young men went down to Stratford-on-Avon to see what remained to be seen there of Shakespeare. They were both by way of being special admirers of the poet. To the natural and national reverence they had added a little of individual attention and thought. It was on a beautiful morning of June that they walked through the town and crossed the bridge, where they stood gazing at the scene in all its summer loveliness. Presently one of them said: "Is it not wonderful to think that Shakespeare must have often walked in these meadows?" To which the other

answered: "Oh, damn Shakespeare. Let us take a boat up the Avon." Now of the two we incline to think the second mentioned considering his age, the season, and the weather was the better Shakespearean. The late Aubrey Beardsley was examining a copy of Shakespeare's Sonnets which had just been issued by the Kelmscott Press, when all at once he exclaimed: "What poor stuff all this is compared with the 'House of Life.'" Him also Shakespeare might be supposed to approve; for it is surely better to understand and declare for the "House of Life," than to profess reverence for a collection of enigmatical sonnets which you are incapable of appreciating. Mr. George Bernard Shaw told us once that he can write blank verse with greater facility than prose, and gave us a specimen. But then the difference between blank verse and prose is not the only difference between Shakespeare and Shaw. If a lot of German critics were to tell us (as they told Mr. Tree and as any German will tell you in private about Shakespeare) that Mr. Shaw was better understood and appreciated in Germany than in England nobody would be surprised or hurt. Posterity it is to be hoped will not absorb Shaw into their inner consciousness as we, the heirs of three centuries, have absorbed Shakespeare. Not that we care whether posterity does or does not. What we care about and what is worth caring about is the reason why we are so permeated by Shakespeare. The latest professorial book does not help us. It only tells us why we ought to venerate him, which is no reason at all. If that kind of reason counted we should all have been soaked in Shaw by this time.

The only assertion we will make is that Shakespeare wrote a vast number of very "fine things." And humanity is so constituted that it worships the sayer of fine things. Further, let the German say what he likes, he does not and cannot appreciate these things in all their fineness. For example, says Romeo:

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

The world admits that is a very fine thing; and in language the world goes by its ear more than by its intellect. In short, it is poetry of the most immediately convincing kind, not old after three hundred years, but fresh, modern, and apparently immortal. Yet it is a strange thing that in no language but English can jocund day stand tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. Here is what it does in German according to Schlegel and Tieck:

Die Nacht hat ihre Kerzen ausgebrannt
Der muntre Jag erklimmt die düst'gen Höhen.

There is nothing in that to make the heart of a German leap.

Take again Othello's:

then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well.

In the French of M. Louis de Gramont this little phrase, part of the English consciousness, becomes:

Vous aurez à parler
D'un homme qu'un amour trop ardent vint troubler.

or in the Italian of Signor Carlo Rusconi:

In tal modo pingerete un uomo che non ha che troppo amato, ma che non seppe amare saviamente.

Doubtless there are thousands of "fine things" in other languages which will not translate equally finely into English. But that is not the present question. The question is that Shakespeare is the sayer for Englishmen of fine things, and these fine things in all their fineness are for Englishmen only. Such is the force of language and such the power of Shakespeare over it that if you perform *Macbeth* in a country barn to a haphazard assemblage of bucolic English persons they will be vastly impressed, and some of them will even be found to have stored up one or other of those fine things in their memories. And then when we remark that Shakespeare has acquired an amazing reputation in countries which are not English through languages which were not his, it

is clear there are other reasons for which it would perhaps be profitable to consult the professorial manuals. Perhaps not; we do not profess to say, being content with our nationality. But when we dream of being young again, which is the finest thing a man person can be, we know the phrase that fits the vision:

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure;

and we do not imagine that "Küss mich, küss mich, süß und zwanzig" is German.

ADAM LORIMER.

FICTION

Love Will Venture In. By AMELIA E. BARR. (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.)

POSSIBLY Amelia E. Barr may know something of women, though she certainly knows very little about men. In her latest novel she succeeds in betraying her ignorance in other matters as well. "Love will venture in" is chiefly remarkable for its glaring demerits of style and its numberless grammatical blunders. The character of Grandmother Rawdon is not bad, Ethel and Dora will pass, but all the lovers and male relations of these ladies are quite, quite hopeless. Fred Mostyn is supposed to be a villain, but if we could by any possibility imagine him as compounded of flesh and blood we should feel inclined to sympathise with him. The authoress thinks that Englishmen of the upper classes never look well dressed. Their trousers are too baggy. The only men whose clothes really fit are Americans. We understand that Tyrrel Rawdon, the hero, an American of course, is the one character who actually does know how to attire himself. "Clothed only in a stylish afternoon suit, his fine, tall figure showed to great advantage." He can sing too, this hero. "With the patriotic music warbling in his throat, he turned to Ethel." Speaking of Rawdon Court the writer says, "A good many Mostyn women have been its mistress." And again, "I have not the means to help you, why don't you ask Ethel? You have more right to ask her than I." We are told that Judge Rawdon "usually found a bit of classical wisdom to fit modern emergencies, and the habit had imparted an antique bon-ton to his conversation." The judge was "a gentleman of such culture as to be familiar with exquisite Greek legends," and he finds the quotations from them that impart the "antique bon-ton" in "queer-looking little books, bound in marbled paper." "Oxford editions," the authoress whispers with bated breath. The action of the story is far too jerky, and the telling of it displays excessive carelessness. The heroine gets two or three years older in as many months, and her friend's father seems a trifle uncertain as to what his first name ought to be. As a rule he vacillates between Ben and Dan.

Nearly Five Millions. By W. PETT RIDGE. (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.)

MR. PETT RIDGE knows more about London than most men. He has too a unique faculty for hitting off the thousand and one different types of Cockneydom in dialogue that is always true to life, often humorous, and sometimes so pathetic that one wants to cry. We knew all this before. What we did not know about this author was that his insight was profound enough and his art sufficient to give us such a story as "Capture of Town." It is very nearly all that it should be, quaintly humorous, intimately sympathetic, and its pathos is always duly restrained. Many people try to write stories in this vein. We don't hope to meet with a better one. There are included in the book a dozen sketches descriptive of London thoroughfares. The streets are all real streets, we are familiar with some of them, but no reader who does not know his London from Hyde Park to Spitalfields, and from Soho to Wood Green, will recognise them all.

Whatever observation and sympathy can accomplish, Mr. Pett Ridge has done, and he has the power of making his pictures live. "Joys of Youth" is delightful, "The Young Pretender" and "Little Incidents" are perhaps the best of the bunch, but "Games of Nap," where the Man of the Moment who sits on the floor at the reception and says to his hostess "I say! Listen! I'm going to marry you," comes up very nearly to the same level. Gordon Browne takes this incident as the subject of one of his familiar frontispieces. Mr. Pett Ridge has chosen to devote himself to that type of fiction in which he felt himself to excel, and we don't think we are mistaken in saying that he has made himself a master in it.

The Mystery. By STEWART EDWARD WHITE and SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

THIS book is a happy mixture of R. L. Stevenson and Mr. H. G. Wells. Mr. White's studies of life in the backwoods of Canada are well known. In the present book he leaves the elemental and primitive fight between man and nature, and gives us a story of adventure and scientific research which grips our imagination and thrills us right to the last page. Even then the Mystery is not really solved, and we are left to wonder what Celestium really is and whether some scientist as devoted and patient as Professor Schermerhorn will ever discover it, or—what is more interesting still—learn the secret of controlling it. We have said above that the book is a mixture of Stevenson and Wells. The influence of the former is so evident that at times we find ourselves expecting to meet Long John Silver on the next page. Certainly Handy Solomon is worthy of an honourable place beside that magnificent pirate, while Ralph Slade, "free lance," is quite comparable to the enterprising American in "The Wrecker." The latter book is perhaps the present authors' model rather than "Treasure Island," for their method is not so much to tell a plain story, which explains itself as it is told, but to recount mysterious happenings which are only explained in the last chapters. We have mentioned Mr. Wells's influence because we hold him to be the originator of the modern scientific or pseudo-scientific story. The late Jules Verne wrote professedly for boys. If "grown-ups" read his books they did so apologetically; but Mr. Wells changed all that, and, trained on his works, the staidest and most serious-minded parent will, we feel sure, read "The Mystery" without any sense of condescension or loss of dignity. Certainly we can strongly recommend him to do so. His scientific palate will be delicately stimulated by radium, volcanoes, and the whole question of electrical energy, while his natural love of adventure, which never quite dies even in the oldest and most weary, will be fired by the hairbreadth 'scapes of the two men who tell the story.

The Prince's Valet. By JOHN BARNETT. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

THE romantic history of Charles Edward has always been attractive to the novelist, fatally so in many cases. His weary insistence in a cause which he himself felt to be hopeless, his unflinching little band of supporters, working in spite of him rather than with him; the great personal charm peculiar to the ill-fated race to which he belonged, which hard living and the bitterness born of repeated failure could not wholly destroy, all serve to make "the Pretender" a favourite hero, or victim, with writers of fiction. Many and strange are the deeds which have been done, on paper, in his name. Mr. Barnett proves no exception to this rule. He pilots his Stuart hero through intrigues and hair-breadth escapes which, no doubt, bear some resemblance to the adventures which befell that unfortunate prince in his stormy career. Here, however, the resemblance to the usual "Pretender" novel ceases. This Charles Edward is no swaggering cavalier dandy but a living and very attractive personality. The author shows us the man, wild, reckless and generous, for the sake of whom better men laid down

their lives gladly . . . and he lets us see why they did so. The character is drawn with both sympathy and restraint and Mr. Barnett is to be congratulated on his treatment of a subject which is as enthralling as it is hackneyed.

Fort Amity. By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH. (Murray, 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS novel, which made its first appearance three years ago, has now been reissued in a popular form. "Fort Amity" is in its author's usual vein, quite light but quite pleasing. For the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with the story, the outline is briefly as follows. The scene opens in Canada just before the taking of Quebec by Wolfe. The hero, John à Cleeve, an ensign of the Forty-sixth Regiment of Foot, is wounded and taken prisoner in the unsuccessful attack on the fort at Ticonderoga. When wounded he loses consciousness, and awakes to find himself in a canoe with other prisoners under the guard of a bullying French sergeant, a crippled Canadian who acts as steersman and possesses a tenor voice, and two Indians. After many adventures and much guerilla fighting with hostile redskins, John is left alone with Menewehna, the elder of his two Indian guards. They take shelter with the French garrison of Fort Amitié, where John conceals his nationality, passing himself off as a Frenchman in the hope of gaining information likely to be of use to his own side. Here he falls in love with the commandant's daughter, but his suit seems hopeless, as indeed it remains for long. We have already been almost unfair to Mr. Quiller-Couch in giving away so much of his story, and it suffices to say that after fifteen years of toil and heartburning the two lovers are at length united.

A Summer Holiday. By FLORENCE POPHAM. (Arrowsmith, 6s.)

ON taking up this volume one is annoyed to discover that the publisher has essayed to review it himself on the cover-slip. Such behaviour is much to be deprecated on the part of publishers, but the habit seems to be a growing one. When the reviewer reads that "all is told in the clever and racy style we should expect from the authoress of 'The Housewives of Edenrise,'" he is naturally prompted to look closely for faults. In "A Summer Holiday" these are by no means far to seek. A newly married Englishwoman makes up a party consisting of some half a dozen or so of her own acquaintances, possessing the most diverse and ill-assorted temperaments, and carts them all off to spend a summer holiday in a Swiss *pension*. When they arrived at their destination they all go together to see the sunset, and then, for no apparent reason, begin to do gymnastics:

Claude Rogers suddenly threw away the end of his cigarette and got up to look at the scene through a framework formed by his legs. He stood with his powerful figure bent double, his head between his legs, and his long hair tumbling in his eyes.

Agnes and Christabel looked at one another and laughed, but Eva did not smile. She rose, and, standing by Claude, bent her body in a graceful curve, inclined her auburn head until it almost touched the ground, and making a frame of her arms, gazed through it as though it were the most natural and agreeable position in the world.

After such a very remarkable beginning to the holiday we are not surprised to read that these curious people go on behaving as they should not. What were meant by the hostess to be platonic friendships either fail dismally or threaten to become far more serious matters, and more disasters than one are only averted by the premature breaking-up of the party.

Jan Digby. By AMBROSE PRATT. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

THE writing of this book places it outside criticism. There are certain books of the "shilling shocker" or detective-story type which merit a meed of praise for their ingenuity, but "Jan Digby" does not even find this level. All we can say of a novel of this class is that the readers who continue to read on after the first few pages will probably be satisfied with what they find.

The Last of the Mammoths. By RAYMOND TURENNE. (Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d.)

WE have a suspicion that a New York "newspaper man" has been reading the novels of Jules Verne and that the "Last of the Mammoths" is the result. The book is so obviously of American manufacture; it "has a hustle on" and abounds in bald and aggressive statements which are almost witty, but the plot has all the delightful improbability of Jules Verne with an attempt at his manner. The result of this combination of style is that the unfortunate reader is dragged from one adventure to another, figuratively speaking, by the hair of his head. He is allowed a short breathing space in the Polar Regions during what is aptly described on the cover of the book as "a long time of waiting, full of events," then the race begins once more and he reaches the end, breathless and dazed, with a strong feeling that he has been reading a singularly poor tale. Of the Esquimaux we can say nothing, they may possibly be more or less human, but the other characters in the book are mere lay figures. Something of the style in which it is written may be gathered from the last speech of Corliss, the Steel King, to the assembled guests at his ball:

Ladies and gentlemen, I must announce to you that my daughter Eva is engaged to be married to M. Raoul Le Fort, the true discoverer of the largest primigenius in the world. Ladies and gentlemen, it is a love match. Ladies and gentlemen, supper is ready. Cavanagh, the March of the Mammoth.

The Fighters. By Lady VIOLET GREVILLE. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

WHAT better material could be found for a novel than the Emperor Napoleon, a Spanish adventuress and a mysterious priest who is not a priest. Carefully stirred up with a gallant English soldier, a charming maiden and a famous battle or two they make a savoury and piquant mixture calculated to tickle the palate of the most jaded public. Provided, of course, that the Emperor is the Emperor that they have been accustomed to; eagle of eye, brusque of speech with hands clasped behind an uncompromising back, and that the lady has all the attributes of her race. In "The Fighters" these characters leave nothing to be desired; the adventuress has the regulation fine, perfect features, dark, liquid eyes, red, alluring mouth and small, exquisitely formed hands and feet. The priest, her brother (who is not really her brother), is dark, with beetling brows and sulky expression, with a habit of saying "peste" and "pah" on occasions. Yet the art of the salad is in the mixing, and, in spite of these commonplace ingredients, Lady Violet Greville has produced a good, stirring tale. Biddy Malone and her Sergeant are well-drawn characters and there is much in the story that is neither dull nor commonplace.

DRAMA

MR. ST. JOHN HANKIN'S COMEDY AT THE COURT

THOSE who see in Mr. St. John Hankin's play at the Court only an amusing comedy will fail to understand it. It contains a moral, and is no more to be regarded as a mere entertaining trifle than *Romeo and Juliet* is to be regarded as a mere boy and girl love story. The moral of *Romeo and Juliet* lies in the very last scene when the two fathers, whose folly and cruelty and senseless hatred have brought about the terrible catastrophe by which their children have been sacrificed, agree at last to settle their differences over those children's dead bodies. It is a beautiful and heart-breaking scene, but we are hardly ever allowed to see it on the stage, modern managers (who of course understand these things much better than Shakespeare did) having unanimously decided that it is not "dramatic," and that its presentment would

turn the penultimate scene into an anti-climax. Mr. Hankin's play is also in its way "a lesson to fathers." It asks and partially answers the question which is so often raised as to the responsibility of parents to their children. Eustace, the prodigal of Mr. Hankin's play, has been given a thousand pounds and sent to Australia by his father, a very wealthy and rather vulgar commercial man. He has been told that he is to expect no more. We are given to understand that he has already been given several other "chances" in various offices, and in his father's own business. He has failed in everything, but he is a delightful person, he is clever and good-hearted, and has remained honest in spite of temptation, but he is not able to "work," in the American sense of the word; that is to say he is unable to make money. He loses the thousand pounds in Australia in various ways, which include gold-mining and sheep-farming; and after being employed as a navvy and a farm-hand and nearly starving several times, he works his way back to England as a steward on a liner, and conceives the happy idea of falling, in an apparently exhausted condition, outside the door of his father's house on the night when that ambitious gentleman, who is standing for parliament and trying to ingratiate himself in the "county society," is giving a dinner-party. Of course he is found by the servants and is carried in, in a simulated dead faint, and, as he has calculated, the dramatic nature of his entry melts the hearts of his father and of his dear kind stupid old mother. For some days all goes well and he is made much of by his mother and sister to the unconcealed disgust of his smug and respectable elder brother who is of course "a model son," who has increased the profits of his father's commerce by his business capacities, and who is the very incarnation of "all the virtues," as most people understand them. All this is intensely amusing and is exhibited in an exceedingly witty and well-written dialogue which apart from its able presentment of characterisation simply bristles with "good things." But behind it all there is real tragedy and real life. The father soon grows tired of supporting his son in idleness, and on receiving a bill from his tailor for some clothes which the prodigal has ordered, he provokes an angry scene with him at the end of which he orders him to leave his house. Eustace rises to go but remarks quite calmly that in that case having neither money nor the means of getting it he will go straight to the nearest workhouse. His father is quite unmoved by this and retorts that he is at liberty to please himself as to where he goes. Then Eustace points out that if he goes to the local workhouse his father's chance of being elected at the forthcoming election will be gone, and his brother's chance of marrying Stella Farringford, the charming daughter of their neighbour (an impecunious but blue-blooded Baronet), who is already dangerously interested in and attracted by the fascinating Eustace. Mr. Jackson (the father) and Henry (the elder brother) are cornered, and the prodigal goes off to dress for dinner. In the last act the human drama is played out to its sordid end. Once more Mr. Jackson offers Eustace a thousand pounds to go to Australia, but he declines the offer, pointing out that it would be sheer waste of money, and playing his cards with bitter good humour he extorts the promise of an allowance of £250 a year from his indignant but helpless parent, who realises that he is simply compelled by circumstances to "pay up." Mr. Jackson gives him a cheque for the first quarter of his allowance and bids him go. "You may write, occasionally," he says, realising that his wife who is devoted to her scape-grace son will wish to hear of him from time to time. "Make it £300 and I won't write," replies the son. It is very funny but our laughter is not far from tears as the curtain goes down.

Mr. Hankin has written a brilliant play, and if the critics failed to realise it when the play was first produced at a matinee (it is now revived in the evening bill) that is only what Mr. Hankin would have expected of

them. The writer of this article is not a dramatic critic. The play was superbly acted. Mr. Eric Lewis as the father, Mr. Dennis Eadie as the incomparable Henry, and Mr. Matthews as Eustace were all equally good. Miss Florence Haydon as the mother was admirable, and Miss Dorothy Minto looked, and was, bewitching, especially in the third act where her hat and frock achieved a success all their own. But where all were so good it is almost invidious to mention names. The acting at the Court spoils one for any other theatre.

D. A.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PRONUNCIATION OF "ORCHESTRA"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Tennyson rhymed "Cophetua" to "say," because he was taught at school so to pronounce it. And Browning rhymed *χρησάρα* to "gray or ray" for a like reason. But does any one give the English sound to the final vowel of "orchestra"? I have always heard it given the Italian sound, rhyming neither with "lay" nor "law," but with "la."

My point, however, was merely that in the fine lines [misprinted five lines] which you quoted from "Michael Field" difficulty is caused by the rhymes being uncertain as well as irregularly arranged. An imperfect rhyme often gives pleasure; but not, I think, when it causes dubiety. Another line quoted by you ends in "fir," which doubtless should be "firs," rhyming with "rehearse" and "universe." Many parallels could be quoted for this rhyme, but does it come well here? To me both of these rhymes seem blemishes on a fine passage, leaving us in temporary doubt, and so preventing the carefully elaborated rhyme-scheme from producing its full effect.

T. S. O.

[A. D. writes: Certainly "orchestra" is always pronounced as T. S. O. says, to rhyme with "la." But equally "alchemy" is also pronounced to rhyme with "thee." Yet Shakespeare rhymes it with "eye":

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy."

Shelley rhymes "symphony" with "sigh":

"It seemed as if an angel's sigh
Had breathed the plaintive symphony."

Instances might be multiplied from the best and most impeccable poets, notably Shakespeare in the Sonnets. There certainly is some ambiguity with regard to the line ending in "fir." Either it rhymes with nothing or else, as T. S. O. suggests, it is a misprint for "firs" and rhymes with "rehearse," which is not a good rhyme, though perhaps allowable. In either case the line is a slight blemish on an otherwise perfect poem. Rhymes, of course, do not depend entirely on sound. The rhyming of "love" and "prove" is an example of what I mean. Marlowe has:

"Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove."

which though in sound it does not rhyme at all, certainly has a most pleasing effect.]

MISPRONUNCIATION OF ENGLISH WORDS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Corrections of mispronunciations perpetrated by those who are content to be unlettered may well seem a work of futility, but when one hears persons with a conscience in such matters give a word a false pronunciation in the full belief that they are giving it the only one which knowledge justifies, it seems an obvious duty to warn them against a repetition of the error. And no word is more studiously mispronounced by curates and other educated men than *chivalry*, which they call *shivalry*, giving to the initial double-consonant the sound given to it by the French language. It might occur to these gentlemen that if one letter of a word is pronounced in the manner of the French the rest must also be so pro-

nounced; so that if they won't say *chivalry* they should, to be consistent, say *sheevalree*.

But, as a matter of fact, *chivalry* has been an essentially English word for the past three centuries, being identical in its radical parts with the Middle-English form. That is to say, that in adaptation from the O.Fr. *chevalerie* the *e* after *ch* was changed for *i*. Even if that alteration represented but the recent Anglicisation (excuse the term) of a word we had imported in its native purity, the fact that an English character has thus given to it decides that its orthoepy is similarly English. Besides, as has been already implied, the French double-consonant sound of *sh* is never followed by the English vowel-sound of short *i*. So anomalous a pronunciation as *shivalry* jars upon the linguistic ear as much as a false note jars on the musical ear. One might as well pronounce "chimney" *shimney*. Both words are from the old French.

Of classical authorities Walker gives the right pronunciation, and the "Philological Dictionary," compiled by Mr. Murray, contains a *caution* about it; but these are esoteric volumes. The more popular "Nuttall" also furnishes the orthoepy—but only as an alternative to error!

LINDSAY S. GARRETT.

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I must beg you to give me a little space to deal with my Reviewer's letter in your issue of April 20. I made no complaint about his general treatment of my book, though I might have said that the title chosen for the review was a violation of good manners, especially in a Reviewer who shelters himself by writing anonymously.

I made two definite complaints against my Reviewer, and I do not see that he has disposed of them by his letter. He stated in the review that I "reproached Carlyle for overlooking" the civil constitution of the clergy, and I pointed out that his statement was incorrect. The only reference to Carlyle in my volume is in connection with something quite different. I say he appears to overlook the fact that the Duties of Man as well as the Rights of Man were considered by the French Assembly. As Carlyle jeers at the Assembly for not considering those Duties my observation was not unnecessary. Instead of accepting my correction or verifying my original statement your Reviewer goes off into generalities about English historians and the civil constitution, and whether I hold Carlyle to be or not to be an English historian; comment about such methods of controversy is needless.

I pointed out, secondly, that the purpose of my book was explained by its title, "The Relations of the State and the Church in France." The various matters which are covered by the term Americanism do not, in my opinion, come within that purpose. My intention was to describe a definite relation which ended with Separation, and my purpose was, further, to explain the stages of that relation and some of the causes which have ended it.

The subject outlined by your Reviewer is entirely different. It has little or nothing to do with the relations between Church and State, and it would require another volume at least as big as mine to deal with it in the barest outline.

Because I confined myself in my letter to the primary meaning of the term Americanism, viz., the liberal movement among Roman Catholics in the United States, your Reviewer, as I expected, has jumped to the conclusion that I know nothing about the movement in its secondary application, viz., to French Catholicism. I don't know how to meet his insinuation except by the most formal contradiction. Since the appearance of "La France Libre," in 1893, I have followed the liberal movement with the greatest care and sympathy. I don't suppose I have read its literature exhaustively, but I don't think I have missed much that is important. I have given my reason for not dealing with it in a book about the relation between Church and State, and I still think any attempt to deal with its relations to the Ecclesiastical Authority is premature since the drama is unfinished. One can only at this stage draw two general conclusions. First, if "*Américanisme*" wins it must transform the Papacy, and Catholicism as we have known it since the thirteenth century will disappear. Secondly, if the existing Romanism is able to suppress or eject the liberals, then that Papacy may drag on an ignominious and dwindling existence till it is forgotten by a progressive world.

I am sorry that your Reviewer has intruded personal questions into a literary matter. Since he has done so I must meet his challenge. He describes me as the "incumbent of an English vicarage," which is not technically true, and he implies that, in consequence, I can know nothing of European

affairs. As a matter of fact I have held this cure for two years and a few months, and it is my first. I have not found that this house, though it is called incorrectly a vicarage, is more inaccessible to my booksellers, to the newspapers, or to my friends than any other house in which I have lived. It so happens that during 1903 and 1904 I was not in a "vicarage" nor in England at all, but for many months in Italy, and most of the time in Rome, whither I came very soon after the Conclave. I, too, heard various tales about Cardinal Gibbons and the election of Pius X. It seemed to me then, and it seems now, incredible that the Austrian veto should have been exercised if Cardinal Rampolla were so certain to be defeated without it. Whatever the causes, the result must be a disillusionment to every one concerned.

If any of your readers wish to know more about *Américanisme* and its latest developments I recommend M. Houtin's newest volume, "La Crise du Clergé."

May I add, in conclusion, that I have read nothing more touching than various books and pamphlets issued by certain French liberal Catholics during the last eighteen months, especially the "Supplique d'un Groupe de Catholiques Français Au Pape Pie X."

ARTHUR GALTON.

April 24.

THE WRIGHT FORM OF BIOGRAPHY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—When my hearty co-operation was desired by Mr. Thomas Wright for his *Vita* of my beloved and almost lifelong friend, the late Walter Pater (and I will write of blessed memory, for, to a man, if there are any in these latter days still living to whom his benign personality was known in a personal sense—that is, in a way entirely removed from the mere affectation of being a pen-driver, without any form of trained scholarship to guide it, such men shall at once rise superior to that engaging creature—who, with a wisdom greater than his years, declared the author of the "Imaginary Portraits" to be a "Vicarage Verlaine") I would say I was led out to the slaughter by what he wrote me saying "he had been engaged upon this life of Walter Pater for the last three years." With this letter came printed references or notices of several of his previous publications, including the "Life of Edward FitzGerald," the "Life of Sir Richard Burton," the "Correspondence of William Cowper," etc. etc. with an extract from "Who's Who," reprinted from that book respecting himself, the very opening words of which spoke of himself as being the "Principal of Cowper School, Olney." I only knew of one school with such a name (which is situate in the City of London), and was entirely taken off my guard by the joyance which moved my breast on hearing all these particulars about a friend whose revered memory, in my own days, was to be rescued from oblivion.

Very courteously I answered Mr. Wright, saying I should be pleased to assist him in every way in my power, by the loan of such letters as I had preserved with my own original draft letters and poems to Walter Pater (which draft letters and poems in themselves would make a stout volume), to which he sent the following reply: "Olney, 12th March, 1906. Nothing of the virulence of some of Pater's enemies will appear in my book—which I hope to make more like a beautiful Idyll than anything else—an Idyll written on Mother of Pearl . . ." Things went on smoothly enough, and in May of last year I visited Mr. Wright at Olney, to hear read over to myself his manuscript, and to compare notes. Heavens! Then it was that my eyes were opened to this little country day school for wee little boys and girls, called *Cowper School*, of which Mr. Wright prides himself on being the principal—when, to my surprise, I found but little in his manuscript beyond what one may have seen in supercilious language suitable to the capacity of the readers of the second and third class periodicals in which certain expressions originally appeared, written by those anxious to earn the nimble guinea, directly any personage departs out of this life, of whom it might be said, his manners and talents were *ars est celare artem*. At this visit the portrait of myself, which appears facing page 232 of volume 2, was taken. In some instances Mr. Wright took from my dictation corrections to certain passages, which are visible to any ordinary reader, but I found it impossible to swell the skeleton in manuscript, which was nothing but a bag of dry bones; and, on terminating a visit of the utmost interest to Olney with respect to the associations connected with the poet Cowper, including the sweet *bonhomie* of the whole affair, I returned home, fully under the impression that the proofs of this Life of Walter Pater would have been sent myself, as it passed through the press for revision.

In August there were some strong expressions in a letter of Mr. Wright's written to myself because I had objected to the stupid performance of his father in the portrait he painted of Walter Pater, which in May of last year was not engulfed with absurdity by the artist, who, like the author, had never seen or been in correspondence with the subject of the biography. This wonderful performance of Mr. W. S. Wright is to be found facing page 246 of volume 1. It represents (or is supposed to represent) the sitter when he was about thirty years of age, painted twelve years after his death—who at the time of his demise was fifty-five years of age. Heavens! What can be the value of this monstrosity, the while it graces this so-called "Authentic Biography"? Furthermore, I was given to understand that I should see the prospectus before it was printed, as a free use of my name is made therein, but I never saw a single word of it, nor a copy thereof, until I requested the publishers to supply me with it.

Things glided onward with fresh disagreements, in which Mr. Wright told me he wanted "no more copy," when he had never seen (nor has he seen) any of my original draft letters to Walter Pater, and only a few of the poems. And, will any man believe it, *it is a fact*, that not one single page of this life of Walter Pater was ever sent to me to peruse beyond the chapter where I am said "to come in"! I never saw any single portion of the list of contents, nor of the list of plates, which are in some cases labelled in such a manner as I should never have sanctioned, much less have allowed to be printed had I previously seen their lettering. Again, will it be believed, *that it is a fact*, not one word of the preface was shown to me, although it is said therein "I had helped the author in a hundred ways"?

The "progress" of this Life of Walter Pater through the press was delayed for some reason or other, and I grew more than anxious about the whole thing, when the following letter came from Mr. Thomas Wright, dated from Olney, December 9, 1906: "Messrs. Everett and Co. have informed me that you have asked to see a revise of volume 2 [I never saw the revise of volume 1]; I wish therefore to tell you that I am *not* sending out copies of the revise to *any one*. It is my custom to allow no one to see revises except myself . . . *Nothing on earth will turn me from this decision*. I have requested Messrs. Everett and Co. to proceed with the book."

There are many expressions contained in this *Vita*, written of a sweet and adorable personality which I loved far better than my own soul (of whom no golden pen can adequately write a single word of praise), to which I take exception, they having caused me untold pain and anguish, although this supposed life may be the most gaudy thing the world may see—

Argumentum ad judicium—thus your Servitor has to find rest in his sorrow, who of late has got to be better known by the cognomen of

"MARIUS THE EPICUREAN."

P.S.—I have been very ill for a long time, hence the delay in sending this expostulation.

WANTED, A DISINTERESTED PUBLISHER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The need of a National Theatre under disinterested management, the sole aim of which is the production of the noblest dramatic literature, is readily recognised. May I suggest there is equal need for a publisher equally disinterested and actuated with similar ideals, only relating to literature generally? May I illustrate this by an experience of my own? For a long period I have engaged in translating with the utmost care and enthusiasm Fromentin's "*Les Maitres D'Autrefois*," experience having taught me that there are numberless art students, artists and teachers who cannot read French easily who would joyfully welcome an English translation of this noble work, a classic that is unique both as a prose masterpiece and as art criticism. Yet not a single publisher will undertake the enterprise, the answer in every case (I may have missed one or two minor or newly established publishers) being that it would not be a financial success, though the value of the English version was admitted.

F. H. L.

LONGFELLOW

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is amazing to find in "Blackwood" and other magazines just received survivals of that obfuscate accusation

against Longfellow of confusion of metaphor in "footprints on the sands of time." What are the steps of the argument? There are no such things as the "sands of time." We have not seen them. But we have seen an instrument called the hour-glass. Therefore the poet referred to the sand in a time-measuring hour-glass. You cannot leave footprints on an hour-glass. Therefore—! Surely such density must be partly wilful. Fortunately we also have:

Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

Here is confusion indeed! There are no such things as the corridors of time. We have not seen them. But everybody knows the little time-measuring corridors in the great clock at Strasburg. Therefore the poet must have referred to them. But distant footsteps cannot echo through them. Therefore—!

Both the "sands of time" and the "corridors of time" are pure figures. Both the hour-glass and the confusion are hauled in by the critics. One can assume, then, that "footprints on the sands of time" presents a clear image to many persons who, but for these criticisms, were unacquainted with the nature of any instrument for measuring time by the use of sand.

J. M. BUCKLAND.

VANESSA

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the ACADEMY of March 30, 1907, page 324, second column, F. B. Doveton asks a question as to Vanessa's age. It seems to me that I may be of some help by giving the following particulars as I have found them in Leslie Stephen's well-known biography of Swift, edited in the "English Men of Letters" series.

1. *Esther Johnson*, or *Stella*, was born, as Swift tells us, on March 13, 1681, and was therefore a little over eight when Swift first came to Temple, and fifteen when he returned from Kilroot. In a footnote Leslie Stephen adds: "I am not certain whether this means 1681 or 1681-82. I have assumed the former date in mentioning Stella's age, but the other is equally possible!" In the same book 1728 is given as the year of Stella's death.

2. Mrs. Vanhomrigh made Swift's acquaintance in 1708. Her eldest daughter, *Hester*, was then seventeen, or about ten years younger than Stella. When Swift took possession of his deanery he revealed his depression to Miss Vanhomrigh, who about this time took the title of *Vanessa* (p. 128). In 1723 she wrote (it is said) a letter to Stella and asked whether she was Swift's wife. Stella replied that she was, and forwarded Vanessa's letter to Swift, who now rode in a fury to Vanessa and threw down her letter on the table and rode off. *She died soon afterwards.*

I subjoin the following remarks taken from "The Age of Pope," by John Dennis:

1. After Stella's death, in 1728, Swift's burden of misanthropy was never destined to be lightened (p. 172).

2. At Moor Park, Swift (born November 30, 1667), who was more than twenty years her senior, had seen *Esther Johnson* growing into womanhood.

3. Dennis also mentions Swift's furious ride to Vanessa's house, but is equally inexact as to the date of Vanessa's death. She died soon afterwards, but whether this happened in the very same year (1723) or in the next is not clear.

4. In Morley's "A First Sketch of E. J." I find the date of Vanessa's death exactly given as 1723 in the following passage: "Miss Van Homrigh, who had settled at Selbridge, ten or twelve miles from Dublin, drove Swift, by an excess of importunity, to over-harshness, and, being sickly, died in 1723, in the course of nature, considering herself a victim of love" (p. 803).

H. WEERSMA.

April 29.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

- Muther, Richard. *The History of Modern Painting*. 4 vols. Each 10 x 7½. Pp. 444, 416, 420, 458. Dent, £3 3s.
- Saglio, Andre. *French Furniture*. 9 x 5½. Pp. 193. Newnes, 7s. 6d.
- Watts, G. F. *Landscape*. 9½ x 7. Pp. 18. Newnes, 3s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY

- Houblon, Lady Alice Archer. *The Houblon Family, its story and times*. 2 vols. 9 x 6. Pp. 382. Constable, 31s.
- Charles James Fox. *A Commentary on his Life and Character* by Walter Savage Landor. Edited by Stephen Wheeler. 9 x 5½. Pp. 255. Murray, 9s.
- Ogden, Rollo. *Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin*. 2 vols. 8 x 5½. Pp. 322, 278. Macmillan, 17s.
- Staley, Very Rev. Vernon. *Richard Hooker*. 8 x 5. Pp. 208. Masters, 3s. 6d.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

- Annandale, Charles. *The Modern Cyclopædia*. Vols. vii. and viii., 8½ x 6. Pp. 544, 548. Gresham Publishing Co., n.p.
- Hazlitt, W. Carew. *English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases*. 9½ x 5. Pp. 580. Reeves & Turner, 7s. 6d.
- Girl's School Year-Book*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 514. Swan Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.

DRAMA

- Lee, Thomas Herbert. *The Swordsman's Friend*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 221. Drane, 3s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL

- Deakin, Rupert. *New Geometry Papers*. 7 x 4½. Pp. 103. Macmillan, 1s.
- Bull, L. M. *Easy Free Composition in French*. 7 x 4. Pp. 63. Dent, n.p.
- Philibert, A. *Free Composition and Essay Writing in French*. 6½ x 4. Pp. 88. Dent, n.p.

FICTION

- Granville, Charles. *A Child of the Everlasting*. 9½ x 5. Pp. 152. Drane, 6s.
- Yorke, Curtis. *The Girl in Grey*. 9 x 6. Pp. 126. Long, 6d.
- Platt, Wm. *The Blossoming of Tansy*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 288. Celtic Press, 2s. 6d.
- Richardson, Frank. *2835 Mayfair*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 310. Werner Laurie, 6s.
- Rudy, Charles. *Companions in the Sierra*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 310. Lane, 6s.
- Macpherson, J. *A Yankee Napoleon*. 8 x 5. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.
- Warden, Florence. *The Millionaire and the Lady*. 8 x 5. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.
- Le Queux, Wm. *The Great Plot*. 8 x 5. Pp. 376. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
- The Fool Hath Said*. 7 x 5. Pp. 207. Long, 6s.
- Quiller-Couch, A. T. *Fort Amity*. 8 x 5. Pp. 357. Murray, 2s. 6d.
- Oakley, John. *The Great Craneboro' Conspiracy*. 8 x 5. Pp. 348. Ward Lock, n.p.
- Meade, L. T. *The Red Ruth*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 328. Werner Laurie, 6s.
- Dickinson, H. N. *Keddy: a Story of Oxford*. 8 x 5. Pp. 328. Heinemann, 6s.
- Jacobs, W. W. *Short Cruises*. 7½ x 3. Pp. 298. Hurst & Blackett, 3s. 6d.

HISTORY

- Browning, Oscar. *The Fall of Napoleon*. 9 x 5½. Pp. 316. Lane, 12s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Harrison, Frederic. *The Creed of a Layman*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 411. Macmillan, 7s. 6d.
- Murray, A. M. *Imperial Outposts*. 9 x 5½. Pp. 210. Murray, 12s.
- Barbour, James Samuel. *A History of William Paterson and the Darien Co.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 284. Blackwood, 1s. 6d.
- Mead, G. R. S. *The Hymns of Hermes*. 6 x 4½. Pp. 84. Theosophical Publishing Society, 1s.
- Orage, A. R. *Consciousness, Animal, Human and Superhuman*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 86. Theosophical Publishing Society, 2s.
- Sutter, Julie. *Britain's Hope*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 154. Clarke, 1s. 6d.
- Halsham, John. *Lonewood Corner*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 288. Smith, Elder, 5s.
- Catalogue of Additions to the Manuscripts in the British Museum*. 10 x 6. Pp. 924. Trustees of the British Museum, n.p.

The Correspondence of George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, with the Continental Congress. 11 x 7½. Pp. 741. Washington Government Printing Office, n.p.

Macpherson, Hector. *A Century of Intellectual Development.* 9 x 6. Pp. 300. Blackwood, 6s.

Killick, Hallie. *The Animals' Sunday Rest.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 26. The Celtic Press, 1s.

Maitland, J. Isa. *Invalid Cookery.* 6½ x 4. Pp. 64. Melrose, 6d.

Hind, C. Lewis. *Days in Cornwall.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 362. Methuen, 6s.

Mills, J. Saxon. *Landmarks of British Fiscal History.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 121. Black, n.p.

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